

917
3872

AN ALPHABET *2*
OF
DRY GOODS MEN
AND THE
JOURNEY THEY TOOK

BY LEO.



Toronto :
ROSE PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1887.

PRICE 20 CENTS.

AC901

P3

no. 1637

P. 4 x 1/4



National Library
of Canada

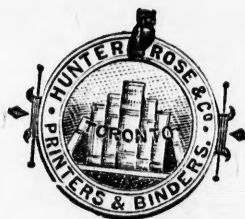
Bibliothèque nationale
du Canada

AN ALPHABET
OF
DRY GOODS MEN
AND THE
JOURNEY THEY TOOK.

—
BY LEO.
—



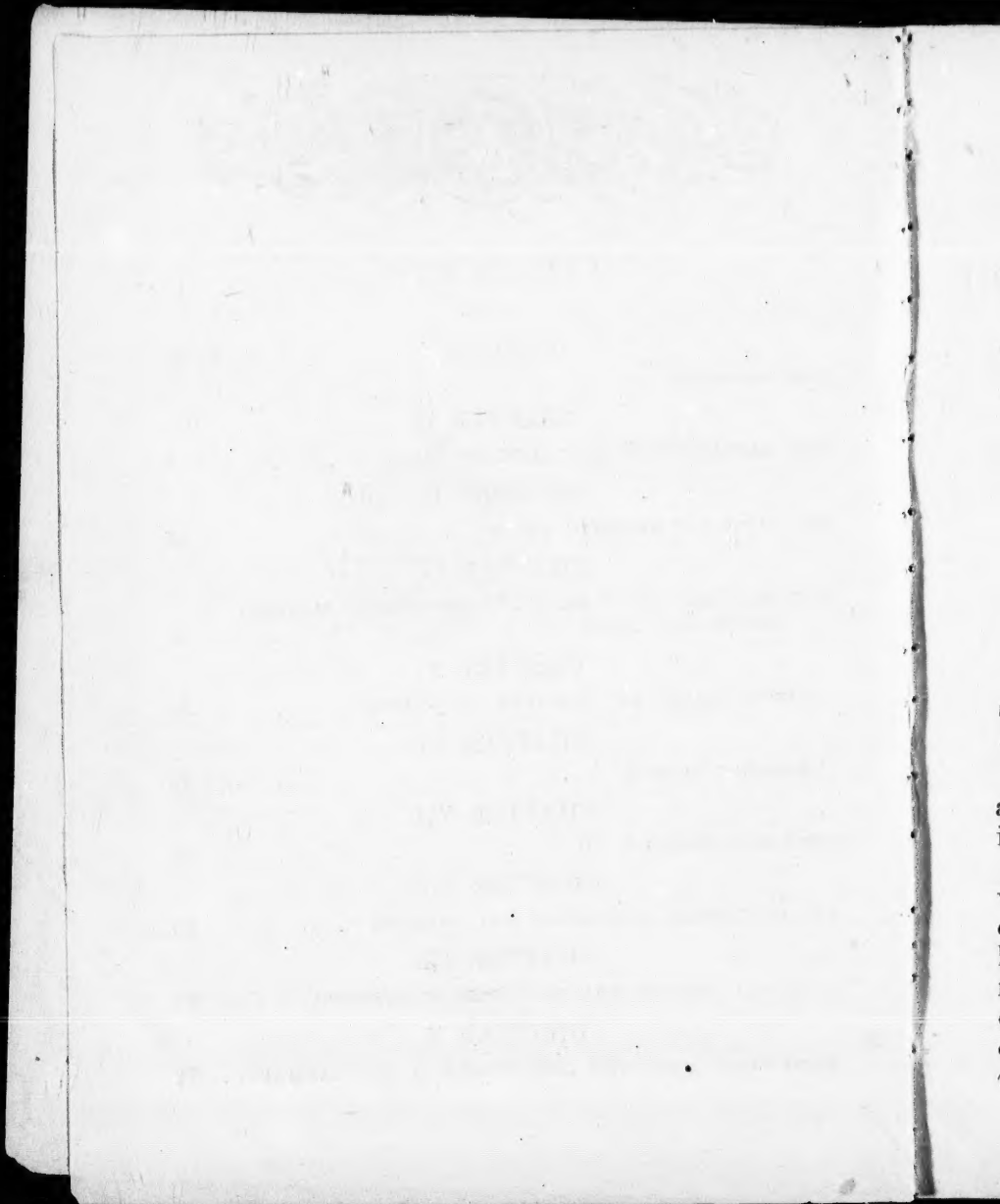
Toronto :
ROSE PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1887.





CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.	
THE DRUMMER	PAGE. 5
CHAPTER II.	
THE GATHERING OF THE ALPHABET	9
CHAPTER III.	
THE ALPHABET SETTLING DOWN	15
CHAPTER IV.	
THE ALPHABET ON "REPEAL" AND OTHER MATTERS GRAVE AND LIGHT	22
CHAPTER V.	
POLITICS AGAIN—AND HALIFAX GROWLINGS	30
CHAPTER VI.	
"NEARING 'MECCA.'"	39
CHAPTER VII.	
JOHN MACDONALD & CO.	46
CHAPTER VIII.	
THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AND NIAGARA	55
CHAPTER IX.	
A SUNDAY AROUND THE CHURCHES OF TORONTO	64
CHAPTER X.	
HOMEWARDS !. AND THE LAST WORDS OF THE ALPHABET.	72





AN ALPHABET OF DRY GOODS MEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE DRUMMER.

TIME *was* when the Drummer was a protoplasm no doubt, but he has grown out of this evolutionary stage, and has become an Institution; a five thousand strong one in this year of grace, 1886, in this "fair Canada of ours."

Said Mrs. Partington, "with this trundle of mine, will I mop up the Atlantic Ocean," but she didn't do it! Said Mr. Narrownoddle Scowler, a jaundiced local jobber of small wares at big prices: "this bagman Innovator is a nuisance and must be put down; he is coming from afar to scatter his wares on sacred soil—on my preserves indeed, and he *must* be put down!" but the bagman continues to

come,—comes from farther afar every day, and ever in increasing volume; he is too much for Scowler—Scowler may as well draw into his shell, and cease protesting, he *can't* put the bagman down.

What the Drummer in his collective capacity accomplishes in a year in this Dominion of Canada, is startling when figured out; he sells over a hundred million dollars worth of goods! travels fully ten millions of miles, and leaves scattered behind him on the road five millions of dollars in expenses! *But* for him half the hotels in the country would have to close up—half the freight trains on the tracks cease to run, and a general fall back to “old coachism” in things commercial set in; he's one of the phenomena of this progressive age—is the Drummer.

And *yet*, apart from the collective, and in his individual capacity, he is not always happy; he hankers after the often unattainable; longs to pile up larger sales with less labour; yearns for a frequenter escape from the hurly-burly of the road to the quiet of his home; it's strange, but true! there's a positive hunger seizes him often to pack up his traps, and start off at a tangent to make a prolonged acquaintance with his family.

X. Y. Z., in the middle of a season, was seized with this hunger. X. Y. Z. was a dry goods Drummer, who was often afflicted with ideas; sometimes they were too much for him, and sat upon him; sometimes he was too much for *them*, and sat upon *them* till they were flattened into shape for use; and *so*, out of this hunger aforesaid came to him day after day

one of these ideas and he sat upon it so abstractedly that his pipe often went out in the smoking car (ominous sign of a disturbed mind, or disordered stomach!)—he turned over on it between the sheets on the blessed day of rest, when no early call for “train” foredoomed his train of thought, till every thread of the idea was flattened out, and further flattened to the pliancy of wax thread, and “Shades of the Lotus-Eaters,” murmured he, “I’ll carry it through.”

What then *was* X. Y. Z.’s idea?

The “Alphabet of Maritime dry goods men, journeying westward,” Toronto, the Mecca—that was the idea!

Reasoned he—“the whole is greater than its parts! The man who buys an orange because it is pushed under his nose, would sooner surely take his pick from the orchard, if he could be got *at* it easily and cheaply—my point is to pick my men, and then persuade them to go and pick their oranges—in Toronto.”

And so it came about that X. Y. Z., pursuing his idea, shortly after formulated the following:—

“AN INVITATION.”

Summer Excursion to Toronto and Back.

DEAR SIR,—

About the middle of August, I shall have the pleasure of accompanying to Toronto and back, a party of twenty to twenty-five dry goods customers from the Provinces.

A special Pullman will be engaged from Moncton (up and return), and all railway fares will be paid ; other outside personal expenses will be light on the trip, as I shall arrange a reduced scale at the dining-rooms and hotels we shall use ; this will be easy to arrange for such a party.

We shall run through on a Thursday night from Moncton, reaching Montreal Saturday morning and Toronto the same evening.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday will be ample for business in Toronto, and if we wish to visit Niagara from there, it will be easy to do it in a day.

Returning from Toronto to Montreal (which we can do if preferred by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands and Lachine Rapids), we can stay over for one or two days there, or leave for home at once, as is most agreeable.

The whole trip will be easily accomplished in ten to twelve days.

The business results of the trip will be beyond doubt satisfactory to all the gentlemen who accompany me ; the middle of August should be a good time in which to sort up for the remainder of the season, and my house will be ready then to unload great bargains in summer lines ; at the same time all our fall samples will be complete in every department, and orders can be placed for later shipment with excellent advantage to buyers ; it may naturally be looked for that a special representative body of customers like that going up with me such a distance, will be met on the very closest margin of profits in everything ; this may be relied on, and it must be borne in mind that the largest general stock in the Dominion will be at their command.

I am only short seven or eight names to make up my maximum of twenty-six, and should be glad to hear from you on the subject ; please write to Halifax.

I am yours very faithfully.

X. Y. Z.



CHAPTER II.

THE GATHERING OF THE ALPHABET.

X. Y. Z. was able to close his invitation book, and make up his excursion party, much sooner than he had anticipated. The idea was new, and took; the dual combination of profit and pleasure running in span through the trip proved irresistible in prospective, and but for the exigencies of space the Alphabet might have been overlapped by a goodly number of letters. As it was, the twenty-six berths in the Pullman were duly assigned to a dry goods occupant each, and the Alphabet was complete.

Of course there were detractors from the scheme! Croaking is one of the privileges of pant-wearers; and this new departure for building up business connections was certain to afford croakers honeyed opportunities. Mr. Narrownoddle rose to fever heat, anathematised Canada in general, and Toronto in particular, on his office desk, the floors of his warehouses, and in the bosom of his family. The partner of his joys and sorrows was sorely distressed; she misunderstood, in her political ignorance, the import of her lord and master's muttered resolve, and experi-

enced the blood-curdling thought of a threatened "divorce," when only "repeal of the Union" was Narrownoddle's determined future proapganda at the polls. And among the brotherhood of the road were not wanting croakers a few, to X.Y. Z.'s undertaking. Snooks, the eminent tweed drummer for Hubble & Bubble, of Montreal, was scornfully inflamed (the fact is, Snooks was mad that he had not thought of the scheme *first* for his own house), and sniffed all over the Provinces about "decoys," "ducks," "transparent shams," etc; and, having thus ventilated himself, Snooks proceeded in due order to make his next bad debt; for Snooks deservedly took the cake for selling more tweeds and making more bad debts than any Drummer on his beat, an acme of dual glory which Hubble sometimes mildly expatiated on, but was promptly shut up for by Bubble, who professed faith in "the law of averages" and "keeping the pot a-boiling." It is a providence for a "Snooks" to have a "Bubble" for a Chief! How in all things, indeed—if we take note—is "the wind tempered to the shorn lamb!"

Moncton, if translated into common language and fact, would mean "a place to meet at." It leads to everywhere in the Provinces, and you run against everybody who is coming from any where or going to anywhere, as you push along the thronged railway platform.

There are a good many bad things which make Moncton famous. It can, for instance, smile at Mugby Junction in the possession of an unique

refreshment-room!—the New Brunswick Mugby, in this respect, being backable for millions against any rival! *Where* else at meal times can be found as big a tablecloth spread with as meagre a spread of meats on it? Nowhere! at least, it is to be hoped so! *And* a man might risk his life on the bet (he often does so without it) that “standing up” at the Moncton refreshment-counter, between trains, for a ten-minutes’ gorge of baked beans and scalding coffee, ensures the solidest, most enduring, and altogether guaranteed thoroughest fit of dyspepsia to be obtained anywhere, in the same time, on the face of the earth. Let the unwary and trusting traveller take note, and beware!

And to carry way impressions only to be brushed off the memory and boot-uppers after many days, let anyone strike Moncton (as the Alphabet did) after a rainy spell and behold its—mud! its sticky, slimy, sluggy, slushy, slippery, soupy—mud! It’s a revelation to an observer in a Christian and “town improvement rated” land to see this mud. You walk the streets on raised plank sidewalks, high up in the air, feeling as though you were on a parapet alongside a moat, or going round the scaffolding of a submerged building; but the mud has no respect for raised platforms—it has no respect for anything. It’s in the severest sense “free trade” mud. Some of the oldest inhabitants, if you care to listen, will tell you the strangest stories of mysterious disappearances, in days gone by, of individuals last seen on Moncton streets; and you will gather from

direction of narrators' thumb *up or down* "that if there's any doubt of the missing one's immortal assent, there's none whatever as to his mortal descent below there—past dredging depth, in a bottomless grave of mud." There's some consolation to be got out of every ill, however; and current rumour has it, "no murderer, forger, too-much-married man, or bank director on a tour for his health, ever visits Moncton." He would be traced for certain down to Patagonia if he did—by the soles of his boots.

Some of the Alphabet, in going in the coaches down to the Commercial Hotel for an hour or so's loafing before their train started north, had one of those experiences which are common in Moncton—common, but always terrifying! And not till some of the big guns of the Intercolonial Railway get killed, perhaps, will the daily risk to life the public at large run be remedied in the respect referred to. Crossing one of the five or six tracks which have to be traversed to get from the *depôt* to the town, a horse in the leading coach stumbled, fell, and blocked the way for the two or three coaches following; just at the moment a train, shunting from the south, was seen tearing up the track, and for sixty breathless seconds there seemed no escape from a dreadful death to the occupants of the delayed coach. Happily, the engine driver of the advancing train saw the danger ahead, and, with all breaks on, pulled up in touch-and-go-time. A miss may be as good as a mile to some nerves; but to the majority this terrible nearness of a "*no miss*" is an unhinging shock.

There was a tragedy occurred only a short time ago which the genius of a De Quincey could have immortalized in another "Vision of Sudden Death." One of the track hands of the Intercolonial Railway at Moncton was crossing the rails, and got his foot caught in a frog. It was midnight—dark and stormy; no one was around on the platform, and any cry for help the unhappy, doomed man raised was unheard. Thundering over the steel rails came a freight train; the agonizing struggle to escape from the death-trap was in vain; there was a thud—a mangled crash—and then, who can tell what? For are we not almost as much in the dark in this nineteenth century as was Cain when he looked down, under that eastern sky, on his dead brother?

Everyone staying over at Moncton should try to see its "boar." Monctonians, from the time of the flood, probably, have held a freehold in this phenomenon, and are as proud of it as is a bleary-eyed old Mormon elder of his sixth wife. The Alphabet did not see the wild thing; but, as they descended from the coaches, they heard it distinctly enough in the summer night stillness, thundering up the Petitcodiac River, in its mad rush from the Bay of Fundy. What is the "boar" like? you ask. Well, if you read Southey's description of "How the Waters Came Down at Ladore," and throw the metaphors into a thirty or forty feet channel of mud, you will form a pretty fair idea of Moncton's "boar."

But time is up for the northern train, and the Alphabet have to catch it for their first night's jour-

neying towards—Mecca! The midnight sky, as they drove up to the dépôt again, was clouded over with a brownish smudge — the colour of Moncton drinking-water. Do you know what Monctonians do with their drinking water? First of all, they strain it through a coarse, then through a fine sieve; next, boil it well; cool it off; strain it again; pass it through a charcoal percolator; and finding it, after all, the colour of an old used-up, early century cent piece, they—throw it away!



CHAPTER III.

THE "ALPHABET" SETTLING DOWN.

AWAY up to the north rushed the train through the darkness of the night while the Alphabet settled down: the car assigned them by the I. C. R. was one of their best, and comfortable to a fault; and motioned X. Y. Z. shortly after the start.

"Gentlemen,—I propose that we make ourselves quite at home; there are no ladies with us, and there are cigars and tobacco for whosoever indulges; so before turning in—say after reaching Chatham and Newcastle where we shall fill up two or three more of our letters—let us pleasantly while away the hours."

This being seconded by the majority, action commenced, and the coloured porter was busy for the next fifteen minutes handing round coffee and—matches.

"And now," suggested R. (who was from the Island of oats and potatoes), "propound to us, X. Y. Z., collectively, as you must have done individually to get us all here, what outcome you see all round from this journey; in other words, 'what is your little game?'"

"Yes! propound! propound!" was echoed over the car.

A few solemn puffs of extra length from his two-foot cherry stem, and X. Y. Z., laying it down, rose to propound.

"It will occur to you all, Gentlemen, that there is no occasion here for an oration, but subject matter enough for a plain business talk, and I am going to talk straight business ; to use a metaphor I have mentally used before, you are going up to pluck your oranges from the tree, instead of buying them from itinerants like myself ; it's a new departure from old ways, but I venture to say before we are a week older that you will find the new departure a good one ; our objective point, of course, is my house in Toronto, where you will select your fall stocks from bulk ; and the first principle I would lay down is that in making a general selection of goods, you can do it with better results from bulk than from samples representing them ; buying, as you have been accustomed to do, the same lines from perhaps a dozen different houses, I should say it must have been next to impossible for you to avoid very often repeating yourselves ; for the memory would need to be a phenomenal one which would carry you through a dozen sets of samples without getting them mixed up ; next, which I lay down, is that you will make closer prices through personal contact with the house you are dealing with ; on both sides the feeling will be that the *deal* is with a *substance*, not with a mental creation of one ; one glance between two pairs of eyes intent on business is worth a good many sheets of letter-paper ; and as to goods, to fall back

into metaphor again, you will be in the orchard and if you don't choose your oranges fresh, it will be your own faults."

"Endorsed so far!" cried B. (who was from that garden of the Dominion, the Annapolis Valley), as X. Y. Z. paused to take breath and to glance with rather a longing at the cherry stem; and "go ahead; go ahead," was the general cry.

"Well! the next point I lay stress on is *this*,—that your visit to my house will put you in a position, one and all, to send your letter orders straight along as you run out of lines, with a surer confidence of being understood. Your visit will be an education—so far as Maritime Province trade goes—to the heads of our departments. We have an *expert* in each of our ten or a dozen departments as manager; and a special buyer for each department who has made his line of goods a study, and I look upon it that two or three days handling of you, as you go through the house, will put our men thoroughly up to your several individualities and tastes."

"So that," interposed H. (who was a genuine Bluenose from far away up the St. John River), "it's to play the part of schoolmasters you have got us along—eh! X. Y. Z.?"

"Well—yes—partly! or rather put it that it's a give and take process to be gone through on both sides—*this* end in view that it is for your immediate and prospective benefit our men will draw you out. You must remember that though mine is the largest house in the line in Canada, it is only recently

we have struck the Maritime Provinces, and undoubtedly we have a good deal to learn from you."

"Very well put," cried C. (who was also from the oats and potatoes Island), but stop a minute. "Sambo, another cup of coffee!" and from right and left of the car—"Sambo! some more coffee—and matches."

"My opinion is," said L. (he hailed from the Westmoreland Flats of New Brunswick, and many a thousand tons of hay were balanced in his ledger against a lighter weight of dry goods), "that the principle on which X. Y. Z. has got up this business trip is sound to the core, I took stock in the idea from the first; here have I now been going to the Old Country for ten years or more past to buy my goods, and have never yet put foot in Canada; yet more and more of late years I have had to buy Canadian goods from the Drummers, and consequently have had to cut off line after line of my English purchases, till it is getting less and less worth while crossing the Atlantic for my stock. I am going to try the orchard, X. Y. Z., old boy, but if the oranges don't turn out all right—hum—hum."

"I'll answer for the oranges, L.," confidently retorted X. Y. Z., and he took the floor of the car and his cherry stem at the same time—"but now, gentlemen, let us go beyond the immediate object of our excursion,—let us suppose we have done Toronto for dry goods—done Niagara for pleasure—shot the Lachine Rapids, and have Montreal and Quebec before us. I want to point out to you that there are large opportunities still before us in other lines of goods;

I am not flattering you when I say such a strong party as *this* has never gone up to manufacturing centres from the Provinces, and I know ahead that you will find yourselves run after—perhaps chased into your bedrooms—with offers of bargains; *now* it seems to me, with a proper understanding all round, *you can make capital out of your unity of purpose*;—here you all are from every point of the Provinces—no two of you coming into personal trade competition—an Alphabet of separate unities; why should you not club together in placing quantities for after division? Say it is for boots and shoes in Montreal or Quebec, or anything else suitable for your trades. I am of opinion if you do this you can touch lowest bottom in prices—probably beat the jobbers themselves; and further, as Moncton is the distributing point for nearly the whole of you, I suggest that you contract with the railway companies by the carload for your goods to that point."

"Well," slowly drawled out K., puffing between his sentences, "we'll talk it over to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" briskly chipped in little O. "Why, of course, to-morrow we'll settle the National Policy—we'll turn out the Tory Government—we'll finish the Home Rule Bill—we'll enquire why Halifax is dead; nobody has started a wholesale store there for fifteen years. We'll tunnel Northumberland Straits—we'll——"

"Go to bed," interrupted P., gaping, "for here we are at Newcastle."

"And here are our letters," cried X. Y. Z., as he

went out to welcome a couple more of the Alphabet excursionists.

And soon throughout the car reigned silence of tongue, and fifty-two legs stretched out two hundred and sixty toes under the bed covers, and nearer to the pole rushed the train through the darkness northward, and—horror of horrors!—reigned silence of tongue, wrote I. Yes!—but what is that sound issuing from the bunk next to X. Y. Z.'s? that bottled-up thunder, rumbling like a freight train deep down in the bowels of the Alleghanies; that stertorous, struggling, spasmodic, lowest out of tune major bass note of a windy organ; that unsteady, irregular, never for ten seconds the same *snort*;—*now* strong and deep, like the ripping up of a forge bellows when in full blast,—next, shrill and piping like the effort cry of an uneducated young bullfinch—hoarse as a fog-whistle, piercing as a cracked clarionet note, tremulous as a cavern echo, rasping as a rusty old clock-spring breaking loose, a medley of discordant agonizing gruntings,—a *snorer* sure as fate among the horizontal Alphabets! and not an amateur either, but a full-blown professional *primo gentiluomo* A1 snorer. Heaven pity the poor Alphabets!

X. Y. Z. soliloquised on Job for an hour, then his patience gave out; and slipping on his pants and coat he took his cherry stem out to the car platform,—soon a gamut, A., B., C., D., E., F., G., joined him.

"Who's it?" cried B.

"T, from Cape Breton," answered C., "That shore was born and bred amid Atlantic roars, you may bet on it."

"Tell you what," suggested D., with heat, "you will have to charge him five per cent. extra for his goods, X. Y. Z., and divide it up compensatory all round, or we shall mutiny; by George, we shall."

And then the gamut watched the stars disappearing one by one; watched the dawn stealing over Bay Chaleur, and only turned in again as the sapphire hues in the east were changing to pale gold, to faint ruby, to burning crimson, and the red sky announced a new day born.

"Campbellton," was the conductor's cry (as it seemed to the sleepy gamut five minutes afterwards) — "Campbellton, Gentlemen, and breakfast!"



CHAPTER IV.

THE ALPHABET ON "REPEAL" AND OTHER MATTERS GRAVE AND LIGHT

CAMPBELLTON! and on the platform the last letter of the Alphabet was waiting with outstretched hands, and three hearty cheers were given for Z. Who among drummers doing the Bay Chaleur shore, does not know Z., and like him above the average of men?

"Fish is dull," he had written to X. Y. Z. in reply to the latter's invitation, "and everything in trade and politics looking blue as blue, so I think it will be a good time to drive dull care away on your excursion; *vive la bagatelle!*"

"Well!" cried this Prince of good fellows, from the head of the breakfast table, "here I am all the way from Gaspé, to make your round number complete, X. Y. Z."

"And right welcome, *mon ami!*"

"Yes! but charmed as I am to be in such genial company, *mon cher*, I must tell you early, I have fish on the brain, as much as you have dry goods; now, what have you prepared in advance in Toronto for the fishmen in your party, eh?"

"Suppose we eat fish at the present sitting, and discuss them in the cars later on, will that do?"

And this they did when the iron horse was snorting again, and they were settled down and enjoying the best, because the matutinal, cigar.

"What I have done about fish," said X. Y. Z., "is to have arranged for a meeting in Toronto while we are up, between the leading fish dealers there, and those of you interested in the trade, at which you can face to face discuss the whole question; you can learn all about the demand for the western trade, and give all the information needed about the supply."

"Some new departure for a market must be made," said Q., from Prince Edward Island (a large shipper of fish), "the American tariff is practically closing out any profit on consignments, but whether Ontario will be any good as a substitute is very doubtful to me."

"There's this about it," said X. Y. Z., "some hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of fish, so I learn, are yearly entered at Ontario ports from the States, and most of these fish are drawn from Canadian waters; the Toronto fishermen say there is nothing to prevent this trade being done direct from the Lower Provinces, if you men will put up the fish to suit their market—that is for you to see to."

"Yes," added D., "but there is something further to see too; we want a very low rate of freight from the Government before we can unload ourselves to beat the Yankees, and we further want proper fish cars on the rails."

"That's where Nova Scotia will have put her foot in it," cried Z., "*ventre saint-gris!* what can you expect the Government to do for a province that has gone mad for 'repeal?' but tell me, any of you Nova Scotians, are you really in earnest in this repeal cry, or is it all a joke?"

"Don't look much like a joke," grimly replied L. (a shipbuilder from the western shore of Nova Scotia), and as it was well known by the Alphabet that L. had very pronounced views on the political situation, there rose a cry throughout the car of "Floor, floor! a speech from L!" at which nothing loth, the latter got on his legs, well primed evidently for the occasion.

"A joke!" quoth he, sarcastically, throwing his words pointedly at Z. "I don't think there's much in Nova Scotia affairs to joke about in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-six; the joking was knocked out of us twenty years ago, in 1867, when our political Iscariots betrayed us; twenty years' of a forced marriage, which has been always a false mockery of marriage, my masters! nothing to joke about in that—that I can see.

"But is the divorce cry a *joke*?" interrupted Z. "That's what I want to know."

Speechless scorn passed over L.'s face for a moment, ere he went on. "No, sir, it's very deadly earnest; the people of Nova Scotia have woke up from a twenty years' lethargy, and pronounced themselves at last in a way to be understood; the vote cast for repeal on the 20th of June last, expressed the deepest

convictions of the Province, and I, for one, shall be bitterly disappointed if there's any back down from the full demand for our former autonomy. Why! look at how we stand commercially and financially to-day, and compare it with the status of twenty years' ago! To begin with the commercial, every warehouse and store in the Province to-day, is sending up to Ottawa *in cash*, twenty-five or thirty cents in the dollar on the stock on the shelves; it takes as much capital nearly to pay duties to-day, on any moderate business, as it used to take to run the business itself; the last seven years indeed have seen the duties doubled, and the deficits in the Dominion treasury cry ever for increase! increase! and what do we get from the Dominion for the sacrifices we are making? Some fine stone buildings scattered over the Province—customs monuments! and an army of privileged brigands called 'seizing officers.' Bah!—the very toleration of the latter, or pride in gazing at the former, are to my mind evidences of a warped intelligence, and fatuous imbecility! even the enslaved African never gloried in his chains, and *we* are not niggers, but white men of the Anglo-Saxon race, yet we submit to these trade shackles, and see the links forged heavier year by year, and have only just now, after twenty years' bondage to Canada, begun to speak out the thoughts within us——"

And in sheer impatience of disgust, L. came to a pause, and the Alphabet thought he had done; but he hadn't! for on he went again, fresh as ever, full flowing as Niagara.

"Then financially, look at us! twenty years ago we were dragged into Confederation, eight or nine millions in debt at most as a Province; to-day our share of the public debt (reckoning us as a tenth part of the population of the Dominion), is twenty-eight millions! let any man show me public works to represent a fourth part of this twenty-eight millions, and I will be silent; but I defy any man to show them—*they do not exist!* A political renegade like our Finance Minister, McLellan, may utter turpitudes till he is hoarse, in trying to prove that we get back from the Dominion treasury more than we pay in, he might as well undertake to show there are four sides to a triangle; and all the political plunderers at Ottawa may crawl out of their holes like slugs and worms and grubs after a shower of rain, and swell the chorus of lies set up by the Finance Minister; but neither *he* nor his parasites can deny that over and above the interest on this twenty-eight millions of the present Provincial debt, we are contributing also four million dollars a year in customs on dutiable goods! a tax indirect, but just as real of eleven or twelve dollars a head on every man, woman and child in the Province! just fancy—only fancy, Gentlemen, what could have been accomplished with such vast sums of money as have been drawn out of this Province during the past ten years, if they had been expended on public works among ourselves; it staggers one to think of the possibilities forever lost; but to look forward to a coming ten years of the same fatuous idiocy of endurance, would be to

lose faith in the manhood of Nova Scotians; I say with all my heart, having committed themselves to repeal, let them work for it with all earnestness, and never rest satisfied till they have obtained it in full measure——"

Whether the orator would have pulled up here will never be known, he was stopped by two circumstances, the stoppage of the train at Bic, and an incident which drew the attention of the Alphabet to the platform.

For, tearing down the road at full speed towards the depot, with reins flying loose about his legs, was a run-away horse, swinging a waggon wildly from side to side, with a scared man holding on to it; unless the bolter could be stopped in time or turned aside, there seemed no escape from the whole thing being precipitated on the train in another minute; to prevent this, signal was given to steam up, and the train moved instantly on; but only just in time for the hind car—the Alphabet one, to be clear of the maddened horse as he dashed across the station yard and plunged down on the rails, shattering the waggon to splinters, but leaving its occupant lying flung in an inelegant sprawl across the platform; a rush was made to pick him up, supposing he too would be shattered to pieces, when, from half a dozen of the Alphabet came the cry, "Why, it's Boggs!"

And Boggs (Puncheon Boggs by general road christening) sure enough it was, and not much the worse for the shaking, for he rolled himself together,

stretched out his fat arms and legs, gave a shuffle to his rotundity and panted out in gasps, "all safe and sound, boys."

"But your quadruped's done for, old boy," cried T.

"Oh, confound the brute! serve him right—ugh."

"Well! this is your ninety-ninth escape, Boggs, take care of the next; but we must say 'good-bye,' old man, our train's off."

"Well, take these along, anyway," shouted Boggs, and he threw a bundle of papers into the window of the smoking car; "I was driving up to put them aboard for you."

The bundle was opened, and of course contained a hundred or so United States Accident Insurance pamphlets; Boggs was travelling agent for the company, and his ruling passion would be strong in death.

"Poor Boggs! disappointed again," sighed T., as he turned over a prospectus.

"But why disappointed?" enquired one of the Alphabet innocently.

"Well," T. took on himself to explain, "Boggs' as I said just now, must have had his ninety-nine near touches, and has always come off so far scot free; he has been thrown out of a balloon into a tree; upset from a boat at sea; blown up in a coal mine explosion; been in railway smashes without number; and little incidents like to-day's go without counting; we tell him he only travels to demonstrate the impotency of insurance."

"Shouldn't wonder," interrupted L., "if he came to the conclusion a noodle I know well has reached; my impatient acquaintance, paid up his premiums so long without dying, as to get disgusted at the whole thing; and sold off his policies stock-lock-and-barrel."

"The dream of Boggs' life," drawled out T. resuming with a humorous sparkle in his eye, "is to meet with a smash-up just sufficiently hurtful, to warrant a long well-paid for furlough from duty in the Tropics; he's so heavily insured from extra commission premiums, and one thing or other, that he would draw his two or three hundred dollars a week for a good sprained ankle or broken arm; but a broken arm is his preference from its indefiniteness; *that* and a hammock on deck, through the Islands of the Spanish Main, with beer and tobacco *ad libitum*, is Boggs' highest ideal of human happiness; it's his day dream."

And so this chapter shall close with light talk of this strain, as a counterpoise to the political vehemence of its opening, while the train rushed along the borders of the sea, which washed the rails with its flying spray, and offered a grateful shower bath to many uncovered heads; a delicious breeze was blowing from across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and came with cooling freshness through the open windows and doors of the cars, tempering the heat of the August afternoon.

The Alphabet, it may be believed, were having a good time.



CHAPTER V.

POLITICS AGAIN—AND HALIFAX GROWLINGS.

BUT this Alphabet was composed of men, and—
and—*que voulez-vous*? Where could you get
a body of men together at a period of intense
party excitement, and keep them long from drifting
into politics; and so no sooner was *Trois Pistoles*
passed and dinner over, than our jolly little friend
Z. suddenly cried out, addressing L., who had held
the floor in last chapter.

“Tell you what, *mon ami*, I don’t understand—
moi—any better after than before your speech—how
you expect to get repeal! Now, *dites moi*, X. Y. Z.,
what have YOU to say about it?”

“I can see twenty around me, Z., who have plenty
to say: I’ll chip in later.”

“No! no!” from a chorus; “you’ll go on now.”

“Well! if you expect me to endorse repeal as it
is understood to-day in Nova Scotia, you will be
disappointed; at same time, I am too thorough a
Liberal not to have sympathised heartily with the
movement as an election cry.”

“But why?” interrogated L., “should we not
recover our former autonomy?”

"Autonomy! now, L., is there actually anything in such a word except a phrase sound? who can go back twenty years and repeat himself in this moving world on anything? Suppose a man went back, after twenty years, into his old homestead, do you suppose he would not find the window frames too small, the ceilings too low, the staircases too narrow, the rooms too dingy? No! Nova Scotia could never go back to her old condition; she must look for a bigger move from her repeal cry, or make the best of things as they are."

"And what is the bigger move, *cher ami*?" from Z.

"Maritime union! and free trade!"

"Hear! hear!" from several voices, but with the majority there was a silence; yet it had to be interpreted rather as the silence of reflection than of assent or dissent.

"There could be no such condition as free trade, without direct taxation," mused K., from Prince Edward Island.

"No!" responded X. Y. Z.; "but it is an indispensable condition for the maritime people to be educated up to, it seems to me, if an union is ever to become a success."

"But when you speak of free trade, you do not mean absolute free trade?"

"And why could not Nova Scotia work out the problem alone?"

"And is there reasonable hope New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island could come to see with Nova Scotia's eyes."

"Throw in the Bay Chaleur shores of Quebec, *ventre saint gris!*" shouted Z.

"Well! gentlemen," from X. Y. Z., "I can't answer half a dozen questions at once, but take them up in order. *Now*, as to free trade; such a thing as absolute free trade is, of course, an impossible idea; there must always be excise duties and many others to meet the exigencies of revenue; but I use the word 'free,' in its comparative sense distinguishing between the regard *we*, as Liberals, have for customs duties (unavoidable evils to us), and *that* the Tories pay to them (a shibboleth to be set up for worship by them). I can't see myself *how*, as a maritime nation, we could ever be a success without this comparative free trade; the teachings of history and every-day open-book facts are against the theory of a heavily protected country becoming a largely exporting one; and, *yet*, large development of export trade, under maritime union, would be our only salvation without it our ship-building would never start up again, our fisheries be fully developed, our minerals worked up, and our natural manufactures, such as iron, steel, wooden ware, etc. etc., find an ever open market; *now*, as to Nova Scotia going this thing on a lone hand, I am afraid she would be euchred; there would be, to begin with, such mountains of obstacles as to make success an almost impossible attainment; I am always arguing, let it be understood, from my standpoint of 'free trade' following repeal, and on this single count alone just fancy the complications we

should face! Suppose, for instance, we imported from England, under a ten or fifteen per cent. tariff (which we could afford to do assisted by a direct taxation for raising revenue), and wanted to continue our present trading with New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, etc. etc., we should be blocked at the first go-off by a hostile 'Oh, no! No, no! Oh, no! little Nova Scotia,' from the Dominion; New Brunswick's desire, or Prince Edward Island's desire to buy from us on a free interchange bottom would have no weight in the Ottawa scale, could not be expected to have, and so we should find ourselves an isolated Province; we should have gone back after twenty years into that old homestead I figured, and found the windows small, the ceilings low, the staircases narrow, the rooms dingy, *without* the power in our hands to remodel and renovate the whole; but—(and I have come to your last questionings)—I don't think we should find New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island disinclined to enter into partnership as a nation with us, if the whole subject of departure from Canada were maturely discussed, and carefully prepared data circulated, by which to educate the people on the economic questions at issue; it *could* only be, and *should* only be, a work of time; any hasty movement involving so much to half a million of people is to be stamped down, come from whom it may."

"*But*—in resuming for a moment, there's a point I want to draw your attention to; I want you ten or twelve days hence—when we are returning—to draw upon what you will have seen in business life

up west (most of you have never been in Ontario before), and tell me candidly if you don't think Halifax, for instance, will require something more than repeal to cure her of chronic growling and Lotos laziness; I shall be much mistaken if, after you have seen the full-to-the-brim life of Toronto, you don't groan out over Halifax.—'Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these dry bones that they may live.'"

Q. was on his legs before anybody could say Jack Robinson; the last words of X. Y. Z. had given him his cue, and most of the Alphabet knew they were in for a phillipic; Q. was no philo-Haligonia; the fact is, he had been in business there for a short time, and had not been successful; had moved over to St. John in the neighbouring Province, and had secured a solid success; even in the bad years *there* following the great fire.

"Your prophet, X. Y. Z., would have given up his business in disgust, if he had been called on by the Lord to resuscitate such a graveyard as Halifax; resuscitate Halifax! (repeal or no repeal!) *Why*, an earthquake couldn't do it! (Q. was as acrid as bnttermilk soured). You, fellows, who live *there*, and are not dead, will have to wait for a score or so of old fogey funerals before there's any blue in your sky; *WITH* the funerals, however—luckily for you—will come extinction, there's hope for you in that; in any other community than Halifax the sons succeed the fathers; in Halifax the fathers hold the fort (crumbling to ruins under their feet), and the

Ontario
n't think
ing more
ling and
if, after
Toronto,
from the
these dry

say Jack
given him
they were
onia; the
or a short
oved over
, and had
ears *there*

given up
lled on by
s Halifax;
ll) *Why*,
s acrid as
live *there*,
score or so
ue in your
ily for you
ou in that;
k the sons
rs hold the
t), and the

sons suck their canes; emasculated do-nothings! when the end comes, perhaps, they'll scoop up the old men's money and go into the army—holus bolus! let it be hoped so, and then your prophet may blow his trumpet, X. Y. Z., and summon the four winds to bring along some new life to the city, and not in vain. Why, fellow Alphabets, do you know? has it ever struck you? to the best of my knowledge, there's not been a wholesale house in dry goods, groceries, or hardware (which has come to the front), started up in Halifax for nearly twenty years; just fancy it—and in a population of thirty thousand or so! it's a unique fact in the history of the Dominion; if the rash attempt were made (I know it from my own experience) to start a wholesale business there on new lines of progress adapted to the times, the old fogeys (who carry the keys of the bank vaults in their pockets) would sit on the innovator instantly; would shake their solemn grey heads ('WE DIDN'T DO THINGS SO IN OUR DAY,') and double-lock the discount book and put it down in the cellar with the old lumber; that's about how the thing stands, and you can't wonder that New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island in following the repeal cry want to feel that it comes from the *heart* of Nova Scotia—from the parts that have been going *up* while Halifax has been going *down*; let that be made clear past a doubt, and there would be no lack of sympathy in New Brunswick with the cry. I dare venture to answer for that."

"And I think I could say the same for Prince

Edward Island" (No! no! Yes! yes! from the Islanders), said R., "I know we are divided here on the question, but I tell my Tory friends from the Island if repeal had been in the Liberal plank a few weeks ago at our elections, I am as certain as I live it would have been sustained at the polls; and I know the leading Tories in your party have admitted it since, and thanked the gods the cry was not launched; but maritime union is a sequel I would not pronounce myself upon so surely; one feature of it, if submitted, *the free trade inducement*, would be all-powerful with us, as under it we should have everything to gain—nothing to lose—seeing we manufacture nothing but from the offerings of the sea and soil; in Q.'s phillipic against Halifax I take no stock; I know little of the city it's true, yet it seems to me Q. has been using the force pump for hyperbole only."

And then there was half an hour's hot wrangling started up, and Halifax was assaulted and defended all round the car, and a drawn battle in the end only declared from want of further ammunition.

Said U. (who had mixed little in the discussion, but had been quietly reading and smoking his pipe), "there can be no manner of doubt our building up an export trade to large dimensions, whether from the Dominion at large, or from a maritime union in part, can only be successful in the degree to which we encourage corresponding imports; such a thing as a jug-handled trade isn't possible for any continuance; now to illustrate, 'I have just' been

studying the relative exports and imports of the United States and Great Britain with Australia; the former exported to the southern continent in 1885 \$10,000,000 and imported less than \$3,000,000, the latter exported to the same country \$120,000,000 and imported \$150,000,000; a difference so enormous as to call for thoughtfulness on our parts; why, with a population double that of Great Britain, could the States only import a trivial sum of less than \$3,000,000? They are more favourably situated geographically for Australian trade than is Great Britain, they use for domestic fabrics more wool than does Great Britain; they are larger consumers per head of canned meats and fruits, and *yet* there it stands, they only buy just one fiftieth part of Great Britain's purchases; now what can account for this in the largest measure but the wall of protection which shuts out Australian products? Nothing else to my mind! and the \$10,000,000 of exports will keep more or less where it is, so long as this one-sided trade continues; it's in human nature and the ethics of fair play for a return visit to follow a call; social ostracism would be the penalty of neglecting society's laws; and the principle is just the same in trade; we can't give without taking; yet I notice we are sending out an Agent-General from the Dominion to encourage trade with Australia, and sending a rank Protectionist at that. I wish him luck with his mission, and sincerely hope he may earn his salary; but, personally, I should have more faith in this latter realisation if he could put a sign-board over

his office, 'Colonial free interchange invited here!' Perhaps that will come later on, however, under a changed Administration at Ottawa, Let us hope for it."

"Point Levi! Point Levi! thirty minutes for supper," broke in *here*, and the Alphabets were glad to get out and stretch their legs; they stood for a few minutes entranced, looking across the blue St. Lawrence at Quebec! the setting sun's gorgeous hues were melting into sapphire masses over the Plains of Abraham; but round about the Citadel heights, and over the Dufferin Terrace and Upper Town, burning crimson cloud flames yet lingered, beautifying to perfectness one of the great panoramic sights of the world.

"Supper, boys, supper!"

d here!'
under a
hope for

minutes for
were glad
ood for a
e blue St.
gorgeous
over the
e Citadel
ad Upper
lingered,
at panora-



CHAPTER VI.

"NEARING 'MECCA.'"

"WELL," chirruped little O., opening up with his cheery laugh when the Alphabet were settled down for the night's journey, and pipes set going, "well; didn't I say last night we'd to-day settle the N. P.—we'd turn out the Tories—we'd enquire why Halifax was dead—we'd tunnel the Straits—we'd settle the Home Rule Bill; true, we havn't done it all, boys, but we've made a good start, and there's two or three hours to be slain before midnight; so start up, somebody."

"One suggestion by way of enquiry I shall throw out," said Q.; "we are on the road for a hypothetic maritime union, now stretch the imagination a decade ahead, and call it an accomplished fact, and say by what name we should call the merged Provinces! it would never do to keep up provincial sectionalisms; that's to day's mountain difficulty with the Dominion; a round name for a common country is a prime necessity."

There was a pause all round, then said one:

"How would Atlantis do?"

"Not bad! next."

"Why not Western Great Britain?" ventured another.

"Still better! you would'nt want the stars and stripes over that."

"Never! never! never! never!" from all over the car.

In this there was unbroken unanimity.

"Western Great Britain!" mused little O., how will our printed envelopes look:

Nova Scotia,
Western Great Britain.

New Brunswick,
Western Great Britain.

Prince Edward Island,
Western Great Britain.

and we should all be *Western Britons!* well! I don't think I shall order the envelopes yet awhile! but I really think as a people we should not shame the new name, or fail to carry our flag bravely before the world."

"There's a personal matter, X. Y. Z." said L., "I should like to put to you."

"Go ahead!"

"Well! here are *you* taking us up west—a 1,200 mile journey—to buy goods from your house; now, under the changed conditions we are supposing, you would *have* no western house; the Grit press would have us shut down on Canada as a purchasing market altogether."

"The Grit press (and as a Liberal I am ~~sorry~~ for it!) utters very arrant nonsense, L., on many subjects;

but on none perhaps such weak nonsense as in its unceasing diatribes against Canadian manufacturers and warehousemen; you will see the force of my protest better after you have gone through the Industrial Exhibition at Toronto, next week, and taken in the wide range of manufactures Canada is working, and the high excellence she has attained in all of them; it would be the sheerest nonsense to say that the N.P. has not helped her in the 'start' of some of her industries—it *has* undoubtedly; but Ontario would have gone ahead without stilts anyway, and would be better off to-day had she never started on stilts; her energy for producing is indomitable, and for the Lower Provinces from narrow sectionalism or prejudice to abstain from taking advantage of the results of such energy, would be fatuous folly; but there is no fear of the business men in our Province committing such folly, they will buy over the head of all sentimentalism just where they can suit themselves best and buy cheapest. You all know, every one of you *here*, how desperately hard I personally fought for a Local House against the Canadian wave which has swept the Provinces; I did it with a real enthusiasm; but in the end it was as useless as trying to stem Niagara; the better business training—the wider experience—the fuller life and vim of the western warehousemen have given them a tremendous advantage over our local jobbers, and year after year they have cut the ground from under the feet of the latter; and this of course has been made easier

for them to do from the larger stocks they can carry west. Why! you will find a million dollar stock to select from *west*, where you find a hundred thousand dollar one (as a maximum) down with *us*; and this would be an all through fair average comparison. How are you going under such circumstances to shut down on Canada as a selling market to us? it can't be done, and our Grit papers are seriously lowering the *moral* of true Liberalism by insensate flings *ad nauseam* against the existing commercial relations between our people and the Upper Province houses; with some of the more extreme journals, to be a purchaser from Canada is to be a traitor to Liberalism! unadulterated bosh! far better leave the subject untouched, and let the interested parties settle their own economic relations, as, journalistic interference or not, in the end they will be sure to do; but to touch on your suggestion, L., 'that granted maritime union became a fact,' I would have no such House as I am taking you up to. I think I should!—I think probably I should have it under more favoured conditions; you don't suppose for a moment large houses in Canada would give up their hold on the trade down here, if repeal went through to fulfilment to-morrow! not a bit of it! what they *would* do, what at any rate *I* should do, would be to try and persuade my house to open a branch in the Provinces, import stock direct for it, constitute itself, in fact, a maritime house; there would be every inducement for such a step; if there was a duty to be paid on Canadian manufactures

entering the Provinces, at any rate we should be in a position up west to buy the goods closer than any local jobbers down here *could* do; and as for English goods, the handling of such a volume for the western trade would give us such inside track on prices, as to altogether handicap the smaller importers here. Oh! no, go ahead, boys, with your repeal, fast as you like, I'm not a bit afraid of being left without a house to sell you goods from—let come what may."

"*C'est bon, mon ami,*" cried Z., "*on peut bien le croire.*"

"And now," said little O., "there's a more serious question to discuss than any we have dealt with yet. The night is drawing on, two hundred and fifty toes will soon be pointing heavenwards; what are we going to *do*, gentlemen—oh! what are we going to *do* with our friend the '*Snorer from Cape Breton?*' he's going up to buy goods, and consequently at this stage, X. Y. Z. may object to our killing him; but still what alternative have we between sacrificing him, or passing a sleepless night?"

But the conductor of the car was on hand for this momentous crisis; he had been plunged in deep thought all the day, and he now gave the Alphabet the result of his cogitations. Said he, "it's all right, gentlemen! it's all right! I've rigged up a bunk in the back smoking compartment; there's the gentlemen's sitting-room between *it* and the main car. I'm placing half a dozen mattresses against the par-

tition of the sitting-room to deaden sound, and I provided a pound of cotton wool at Campbellton for you to stuff your ears with. I think you can all go to bed in peace and security."

This important matter so satisfactorily settled, three cheers were given for the conductor, pipes were filled afresh, and everybody decided to sit up an hour longer.

"Speaking of the press"—in an interval of silence—remarked U., "speaking of the press, X.Y.Z., does it not strike you there is great need for reform in the entire spirit of your Halifax papers? *Chronicle* and *Herald*, *Recorder* and *Mail* alike! for I don't discriminate, from any personal political bias, in favour or disfavour of either of the four organs; the spirit in which they are conducted appears to me all round alike, evil! Instead of being public instructors, they are in the main mere partisan mud flingers. Instead of raising the moral and intellectual standard of their readers, they disgust the one, and lower the other by the coarse personal abuse in which, morning and evening the year round, they indulge; there is neither humour or decency in the daily exchange of scurrilous epithets, shuttlecock fashion, there's——"

"The fact of the matter is," interrupted L., "it needs to be riveted and washered through the epidermis of the writers, that the public do not pay their money for a morning or evening paper, as they would for a ticket for a dog fight; they would expect to see mangling and mauling, and brutal

tearing at the dog fight, but they don't look for it and don't want it in their daily newspaper, notwithstanding which, they get it, and get it, goodness knows! *ad nauseam*."

"The evil," sighed X. Y. Z., "is not confined to the Halifax papers; take up Grit and Tory papers in any part of the Dominion, and to a greater or less degree, the columns are filled with fish-wife clack and party abuse! ah! how welcome to thousands would a Liberal newspaper be, whose editorial mission it was to teach Liberalism; *that* first, and its true relation to all things progressive afterwards; surely there is room for such a newspaper, and——"

"Perhaps so!" cried little O., "but we can't start one to-night, and I vote we turn in between the sheets and dream of it; and may our next turn in be in Toror⁴; that's my evening prayer."

"Call it Mecca," corrected X. Y. Z., and the Alphabet forthwith—one and all—assumed the horizontal.



CHAPTER VII.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.

THE dry goods establishment of John Macdonald & Co. is the largest in the Dominion. It is frequently called up west "the Claffins of Canada."

The building is of brick and stone, fronting on Wellington and backing on Front Streets, and runs up six stories in height.

The growth of the house has been, from its start, a steadily progressive one. From basement to roof none of the wealth contained in the flats owes its existence to a compromise of credit, or an extension of time payment; solvency has been the roots, and honourable dealing the branches, in the history of the house, and they have borne their fruits in compassing an uninterrupted success.

The Alphabet, on their way up, had read an overture notice in the firm's trade catalogue-book, and were to find its unpretentious references fully borne out in their walk through the thirteen several departments of the house. The notice referred to runs :

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,

DRY GOODS, ETC.

MANCHESTER, ENG.

TORONTO.

THE
STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

WHERE MERCHANTS USUALLY COMMENCE THEIR PURCHASES.

It occupies the
FIRST FLOOR,

and contains one of the largest and most complete and varied stocks in the Dominion of Canada. Our constant endeavour is to keep not only this department, but also all the others in the house, fully assorted, so that buyers can depend upon being able to get what they want at all seasons of the year.

Each department in our house has its own special buyer; and, being in a position to buy largely for cash, we are enabled, in many instances, to control lines which prove profitable to close buyers, such as prints, flannels, cottonades, etc., etc.

Merchants throughout the Dominion have long felt the want of a complete and reliable

STOCK LIST

to assist them in making up their orders. Such a list we have now the pleasure of presenting. You will observe that we have classified all goods under their respective departments.

We venture to hope that the satisfaction which this list will afford our customers will fully repay us for the labour of its preparation.

Yours truly,

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,

TORONTO.

AND

MANCHESTER, ENG.

The morning after the arrival in Toronto, X. Y. Z. took his friends down to the house, and got introductions through. The party then, before business was begun, ascended to the flat roof of the building, and took their first comprehensive view of the "Queen City" of the Dominion. It was a lovely September morning. Scarcely a cloud to be seen overhead, while, beneath, the panorama that stretched out over city, lake, and open country, before their eyes, was a most striking one, and filled the on-lookers with admiration. From the mountain at Montreal a far bolder landscape is presented; Toronto, from its flatness, suffering by comparison with its rival city; but the impression of "*commercial greatness*" strikes the mind with infinitely greater force, from a bird's-eye view of Toronto, than from a like view of Montreal, and there is reason for this. There is a compact, cleanly solidity, *as a whole* about Toronto, in its thoroughfares, stores, and dwellings; while in Montreal the contrast of wretched, narrow streets, filthy tenements, with near-by palatial residences and handsome business blocks, is a compelled feature in viewing the city. The very rich and miserably poor are within a stone's throw of each other in Montreal; in Toronto there is no extreme poverty.

"The extraordinary growth of Toronto," remarked one of the staff of the house to an enquiring Alphabet, as they paraded the roof, taking in a fresh point of view every moment, "is best shown by figures. In 1861 the population was 44,000, against Montreal's 90,000; in 1881, 86,000, against 140,000; in the

present year, 1886, Toronto has increased to 130,000, against Montreal's 180,000!!"

"By the close of the century," observed L., "following up such figures, Toronto, in numbers, should be the capital of the Dominion."

"And no doubt will be," agreed the first speaker; "and the increase in the city's wealth is more marvellous even than in its population. The assessed value of property for the present year is over ninety millions; in 1861 it was nothing like ten. Now, just try to follow the run of the streets below there!! Take Yonge Street, up north there; right in a line with my finger; you notice it extends far as your eyes can follow. Then, take King Street, east and west. There are 164 miles of streets under your gaze from our elevation up here, 41 miles of which are blocked, paved, and boulevarded."

"How many churches—for goodness' sake!—do you run?" enquired little O. "They seem to me to be at every corner."

"There are 107, I believe, of all denominations," was the reply.

"And mostly Protestant, of course?"

"Yes!! thank God!!"

"I see quite a number of railways down by the lake," said L. "How many lines run into Toronto?"

"Ten or eleven. In fact, all the railways of the Province centre down there; and they converge from every point of the compass."

"Well," mused L., "such a city in the centre of a rich agricultural country, and being, in addition, the

religious, educational, political, literary, and commercial centre of the most populous Province of the Federation, such a city should have a grand future before it, and"—pausing to turn to X. Y. Z., he added, drily—"I don't wonder now, X. Y. Z., at your feeling s^one in enticing us to your—Mecca!"

"If ocean steamship navigation extended up here, instead of stopping at Montreal, there would be nothing further wanted to complete Toronto's opportunities, it seems to me," hazarded an Alphabet.

"Well, that may come, *too*, in time. There is nothing impossible in engineering in these days; it is merely a question of money. By the side of the undertaking to make Manchester a seaport, in the Old Country, the deepening and widening of canals to admit ocean steamers to the lake *there* would be but a small affair!!"

"What is the building on the island, across the bay yonder?" enquired O.

"Hanlan's Hotel," answered the manager of the house; "and we may as well go over there this afternoon, for, I suppose, none of you will feel like hard work on your first day."

"We may as well, at any rate, begin it," came from two or three; and, with it, the party descended from the roof, and began to explore the warerooms.

There were six floors for them to go over, each having two immense warerooms, separated by a solid wall, running down the centre of the building, four feet in thickness. These walls were pierced in several places by doors provided with fire-proof iron

shutters. The flooring of the departments was of maple throughout, and the window and door frames of white oak, the *tout ensemble* presenting a handsome and scrupulously clean appearance. Four elevators formed the means of communication between the different floors, and these were all the time busily in use, conveying up and down buyers and goods. By the time the Alphabet had explored the house, each had his mind fixed on the department he would begin his selection in, and this was only delayed for a short time from Mr. Macdonald, the chief, joining and making the acquaintance of the party. After that they proceeded to work, and pencils were busy in memorandum-books all over the house for the next few hours, lunch intervening only for a temporary check.

In the afternoon, the weather still being glorious, the visit to Hanlan's Island was again suggested by the manager; and the willing Alphabet, satisfied with their first day's work, filed out for a half-holiday.

The sail across the bay, the viewing of the ex-champion's boats and race trophies, the hundred and one amusing sights, including the countless canvas summer homes of the thousands of citizens who camp out in the hot weather on the island, were duly enjoyed by the party; and they wound up their perambulations at last in front of a rifle tent, in the rear of which four targets were set up to score on—by whosoever cared to put up their ten cents and could hit them.

"Now, you are accounted a mighty hunter at home," cried W. to D.; "but I challenge you to a match—six shots each, and cigars for the crowd from the loser."

"Done!" from D., "and here goes for the first target on the left."

Now, many a successful bead had D. drawn on cariboo or moose, down in Nova Scotia forests, as was well known; but the Hanlan Island targets were neither moose or cariboo, and shots one, two, three, up to six, failed to show their whereabouts on the canvas circles.

D. was furious, protesting he "had aimed for bull's eyes every time, and must have got them!" and that "the bell at the back of the bull's eye must be a dumb bell!" But neither his unconsciously uttered pun or his indignation were of avail with the marker, who declared "the bell was all right, but the shooter didn't know how to shoot!"

Then W., with a confident smile, took his innings on the same target, and made three clear misses, and with the succeeding three shots struck the third target to the right of the one he was aiming at.

"*Ventre saint gris!*" cried vivacious Z., from down the Gaspé shore. "*Vous êtes tous les deux—* what you call duffers! Gif me a rifle, mar-kare!"

He took a steady aim a foot below a target—and missed! He took another a foot above—and missed! He took a third dead at the bull's eye—and struck a tent-pole six yards to the right of the target.

"*Sacre bleu!* If I fire straight up—*dans l'air—*

je crois I shall hit her!" But this experiment failed also, and shots five and six followed suit.

There was inextinguishable laughter all round—and D., W., and Z. were mad.

"I tell you what it is, Alphabets!" hystericed little O. "I've been making a scientific study of these rifles. They are constructed to shoot round corners in mild weather! It wants a high wind—sixty-mile pressure to the minute—to bring out their straight qualities. Now, give me a turn, and I'll illustrate."

And he did! He aimed, with deadly precision, at target No. 3.

"It's No. 4 the bullet is going for, boys; so look out!"

And he struck No. 4 sure, fetching an outside ring.

"Now, look out for the next! I'm getting the bearings. This time I shall cover the outside rim of No. 1," which he did, and the bell rang musically behind target No. 4. After this shooting was easy, and he rang the bell three times out of the remaining four shots, and laid down the rifle in triumph.

"Science wins always," he remarked, with the confidence born of success.

After this D. must have another shot, and he fired wildly at No. 1. The bullet was heard whistling through the canvas tent, and at the same moment a piercing shriek was set up! D. gasped, and dropped his rifle, paralyzed with dread.

"It's a woman's voice!" cried little O. "You've killed her! It's a woman with ten or eleven chil-

dren, D. 'I feel it in my bones' by the agony of that yell! You are done for, old boy! Fly! fly! fly while there is time, or you'll have the bereaved husband, with the eleven motherless avengers, on your track! Take a friend's advice. I'll get you a small boat to fetch the mainland with. Then fly! fly straight to Honolulu or New Guinea! Don't let the thought of your property at home worry you. There's nothing small about *me*, excepting my stature; I'll accept it from you, and welcome! But fly now! You are a bachelor, and in another hemisphere may be happy yet. Farewell!"

But there was no occasion for him to fly. The shriek was occasioned by the upsetting of a whirligig. *This* ascertained, peace reigned supreme; but the shooting was given up.

Then they left the island, for dinner hour was approaching, and Rossin House soup, at Exhibition times, waits for no man. On the sail back across the bay business talk was in the ascendant.

"How many years has your house been established?" enquired L. of one of the staff.

"Mr. Macdonald came out from Scotland—quite young, of course—in 1837," was the reply; "and started business for himself in 1849—thirty-seven years ago."

"Why, it's astonishing!" exclaimed L. "He appeared to me to be in the full vigour of business life!"

"That's so; your judgment is sound! Our chief believes—vast as the business is to-day—that it is only in its infancy. There is no such thing as *dolce far niente* in Mr. Macdonald's business life."



CHAPTER VIII.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AND NIAGARA.

BETWEEN sight-seeing and business two or three days slipped quickly away, and the Alphabet thoroughly enjoyed every hour of them; they caught that fever of *unrest* which is the characteristic of western city life, and despising fatigue wanted to be always on the go; operas, lectures, political and religious meetings were taken in at night in the order the inclinations of the party prompted them towards; there was unusual opportunity offered at the moment for observing with what enthusiastic earnestness the young men of Ontario engage in political life,—conventions of the Liberal clubs were being held nightly, and the questions of the hour were being discussed with the liveliest zeal; it was a revelation to the phlegmatic temperaments of some of the maritime men to note the activities of party organization everywhere prevailing.

"I tell you what it is," observed our friend L. (whom it will have been seen in these pages was a good deal given to mental introspection), "I tell you what it is, X. Y. Z. (they were walking home to the

Rossin House from a rallying Liberal meeting they had been present at), "this tireless thoroughness in whatever they are at—politics! business! city improvements! evangelical and philanthropic work! strikes me with painful contrast *here* in Toronto, as against our slower heterogeneity of action down below by the sea; we want to steal some of Ontario's fire to warm our fingers by for work; do you know I am beginning to doubt with you, old boy, if Repeal is what we need most at home! It may be said (our Grit press urges it as conclusive), it may be said the success of the repeal movement shows our homogeneity of feeling on the subject! But is such conclusive? have our people been carried away by the magic of a cry? have they considered sufficiently what repeal means? *isolation, commercial and political*, from the rest of the country, and going back it may be—as you put it coming up the other day—to the old homestead but to find the windows too narrow, the roof too low, the walls too confined to give space to breathe freely in. I am beginning to feel that by separation from Ontario at any rate, we should be losing part in a life larger than our own, fuller and more robust than our own, and by the separation losing an incentive to imitate the activities of the life up *here*; I wish more of our people came up to take a run through the country as we are doing—our farmers, merchants, manufacturers, journalists—one and all could take some thoughts back to ponder over. What we need down below is more self-dependence, and less looking to the Government

for help. Whether Halifax shall be or shall not be the winter port, appears to me now of lesser importance than an answer to the question, 'Shall we make up our minds to throw off grumbling, lethargy, and old time ways of doing things, and go in for a competitive race with these western people?' We are more than half a century ahead in age over Ontario, and yet half a century behind it in results! It is the blindest folly to expect that repeal will do for us *now* what we have been so laggard in doing for ourselves before we were connected with Canada; we had every natural resource for becoming great in manufactures a generation before Confederation was heard of; we had climate, cheap living, mineral wealth, easy sea way, all on our side, and yet what have we done with these advantages compared with what Ontario has done in the same time? Almost nothing! No, I for one, X. Y. Z., shall go back from this visit with my mind cleared of many prejudices. I, for one of the Alphabet, shall no longer desire separation from Protestant, working, Liberal standard-bearing Ontario. On the contrary, I shall do my little best to take home some working lessons from her to practise down below."

"It is what I would have expected of your intelligence, L., and I think you will find many of our other friends sharing your views; take M., and C., and D.; many a time have I heard M. railing against our connection with Canada on the ground that she took nothing from us; *that* the I. C. R. ran only one way, and *that* down hill to the lower provinces, to

load us up with Canadian goods; *yet* here is M., on his first visit to the western markets, unloaded—at a good profit, so he tells me—of his fish; C. and D. are in the same good fortune; the simple fact is they have taken the right means of reversing our too common trade relations with the Upper Provinces, they have come face to face with the dealers up here, shown their goods, found them wanted and sold them. The same thing applies to K., from the Island; he has made arrangements for contra trade with my own house for some lines of his woollen manufactures; and these are only instances a few, coming under our personal observation; there is no difficulty in the way of our people finding a market up here for anything we can produce suited for it; Ontario would buy Brazil nuts from us if we could raise them; but we must approach her as she has approached us, we must throw off the *vis inertiae* and go actively to work, bring forward anything we have to sell, and canvass personally for customers for it; to sit still and expect trade to come to us is what our maritime men have been long enough at, but that leaf is turned down in trade economies, things don't work in that way in these days. But here we are at our hotel, and there I see are the boys in caucus, little O. evidently holding the floor. What is the vote, O.?"

"The vote, X. Y. Z., is by acclamation. No more rag viewing for two entire days; proposed, seconded, and carried, 'that as business interferes with pleasure, we drop the business for eight and forty, sixty-

minute hours; to-morrow to be given up to the Exhibition, and Saturday—oh! welcome Saturday! to—Niagara!”

“So be it, O. Amen! and good night.”

* * * *

If the Toronto Industrial Exhibition—just as it appeared to the Alphabet—could have been dropped down in the great Colonial show in London, it would have created a sensation, and given a magnificent idea of what Canada is doing. The London exhibit could only—from the limits of space at Canada's command—be a very partial one; but the annual collection in Toronto of agriculture, arts, and manufactures, is *thorough*; and plenty of distributing room at liberty for display of the various sections exhibited.

Then there is a great charm in the site of the Exhibition grounds at Toronto; Lake Ontario washes their full breadth, and from across this inland sea on the hottest day comes a delicious cooling breeze; hundreds of beds of gay flowers adorn the walks through the park, and the buildings on all sides (apart from the central one, which is a crystal palace of beauty) are ornate, and roomy, just adapted for the uses they are put to.

“This is really stunning,” exclaimed little O., as he threw himself on the green turf of the terrace, and lit a cigar; “we’ve done a steady five hours’ work at the manufactures, and walked I don’t know how many miles round the galleries inside; now, let us have a little interval of music and tobacco! blessed for the latter be for ever the memory of Sir Walter!

How much greater a benefactor to mankind was *he* than Columbus! The latter only discovered America, but Sir Walter went a hundred better and discovered tobacco in it! Now, light up, X. Y. Z., and drop down alongside. You've seen all this thing often before, I know, but isn't it positively stunning?"

Said L., dropping into the turf group, "I have learned to-day, X. Y. Z., from examining the geological diagrams of Ontario in the fossil chamber inside there, more vividly than any ordinary reading could have demonstrated to me, the secret of Ontario's great natural advantages over the rest of the old Provinces; it all comes, my boy, from her escaping the ravages of the glacial period; her fertile belt has been untouched by the avalanches and upheavals which have broken up the earth's crust in so many other localities in British North America. Take the neighbourhood of Halifax, for instance, where deposits of grinding rock have torn up the very earth, and made cultivation unprofitable where not impossible. Fortunate Ontario! the gods have girdled her round for a big producing garden, without any artificial help from man!"

"Now we are in for it," whispered little O., in comic dismay, resigning himself in easier lounge for the inevitable.

But the inevitable was escaped, for the band at the moment struck up a lively waltz, and outspoken soliloquy became impracticable; so the Alphabet lay in the sun, listened to the music, watched the innumer-

kind was he
ered Amer-
ter and dis-
Y. Z., and
this thing
ively stun-

p, "I have
the geolo-
nber inside
ding could
Ontario's
of the old
r escaping
le belt has
upheavals
n so many
Take the
where de-
ery earth,
ot impos-
irdled her
any arti-

tle O., in
ounge for

nd at the
oken sol-
bet lay in
nnumer-

able pleasure boats sailing across the bay, followed with their eyes the thousands of holiday-makers moving backwards and forwards among the flower beds—and were lazily happy.

* * * * *

Niagara! seen for a thousand times ever a wonderment and delight! seen for the first time almost too awe-inspiring in its grandeur to do aught else but daze the beholder, while deafening with its multitudinous roar.

The Alphabet had their welcome Saturday, and spent it for all it was worth; it was one of the most glorious days of summer; a burning hot sun gleaming down from a cloudless sky; they crossed the lake in an excursion steamer, thoroughly enjoying the two or three hours' sail; then, on landing at Niagara river, took the train for the Falls, and, as a matter of course, first of all dined—that goes without saying, for what pleasure is profitable or possible to any son of Britain on an empty stomach?

Then starting off in seven or eight open carriages, they filled up their day with memorable sight-seeing, went under the Horseshoe, got photographed in a group at Saul Davis', drove over to the American side, and wound up with the rapids and whirlpool—a memorable sight-seeing day indeed, never to be forgotten.

"Well," said little O., as the group lounged on the galleries overhanging the rapids, "I am thankful for a rest down between these deliciously cool walls of giant nature's building—so much pleasanter, isn't it,

boys than the dust and heat of the roads? But if I had the alternative offered of a sun-stroke or pulverised smotheration up above there, or the trusting myself to those leaping, hissing devil's waters down below, I should take the sunstroke or smotheration. Did any one ever see such waves gone crazy? and, to think of any idiot going deliberately into the hideous swirl for money!"

"That's just where it is," said L.—"*for money!!*" The undaunted cooper, C. D. Grahame, an Englishman by birth, long domiciled in Philadelphia, shot the rapids *there* in a tub of his own invention—for money!! Hear what he says of it; I was reading it the other day:

"It was awful hot in there while I was slowly drifting along below the Falls. I thought I'd die; but the water cooled me, and didn't wet me very much, for you see I was inside the canvas. When I got to the whirlpool I took off the cover and could see out, but I was carried along so fast that I put it on again in a hurry; then I got dizzy with rolling over, and pretty sick in my stomach; in the Devil's Hole rapids I got the most awful shaking up of all; then I was all right till they pulled me out at the whirlpool. I never want to try it again for fun, but I'll do it again for money pretty quick."

"*Money!* that's where it is," went on L. (getting into his favourite moralizing attitude); "the cooper of Philadelphia was evidently a skilled artisan, with a strong inventive faculty; he has shown the world *that* by his tub and his mad ride in it. Why can't

? But if I
or pulver-
the trusting
waters down
otheration.
razy? and,
y into the

money!!
English-
phia, shot
ntion—for
reading it

as slowly
at I'd die;
me very
When I
and could
at I put it
th rolling
he Devil's
up of all;
out at the
r fun, but

. (getting
he cooper
an, with a
he world
Why can't

he invent something useful? and *not* that chariot
tub of the devil only. Say a machine windable up
every month for paying off monthly bills; or a charm
for keeping the teeth sound in one's jaws, and the
hair from dying at the roots, and thus help to cheat
old age; even a patent against ill tempers and bad
debts would be welcome to the world; but, a tub to
shoot Niagara in! pshaw! better leave Niagara alone,
inventive, but useless, cooper! *She* is a devourer
who won't twice let a victim escape her, and then
what is the use of your money?"

And with this sermon on Niagara in their ears,
the party broke away (they generally *did* when L.
was moralizing), and with their ride back to Toronto
ended the pleasantest day of their trip.



CHAPTER IX.

A SUNDAY AROUND THE CHURCHES OF TORONTO.

ONE of the Alphabet had remarked, it may be remembered, when taking in the first panoramic view of Toronto, from the flat roof of John Macdonald & Co.'s warehouse :

"Why it's a *CITY* of Churches, there seems to be a church at every corner," and there was not much exaggeration in the remark, for Toronto is pre-eminently a City of Churches.

The difficulty to a stranger spending Sunday in the city is to choose from the diverse theological bill of fare before him ; when the Maritime party was *there* this was further enhanced by the presence of Sam Jones and Sam Small (the Georgian Revivalists), who were carrying the city by their evangelistic services ; churches, rinks, any places they spoke in, were crowded morning, noon, and night, with eager listeners.

However, X. Y. Z. had no hesitation as to his choice.

"I always think the fatigue of a journey up *here*,"—remarked he to some of his friends,—*"to be well repaid me in the privilege of hearing one of Mr.*

Macdonnell's sermons, so I am going to his church this morning."

"I have heard something, I forget what," said O., about the situation of this church. What is it, X. Y. Z.?"

"Probably the four 'ations'; 'there are buildings at the four opposite corners, a hundred yards along King street West *there*, and they have been characteristically dubbed:—salvation, d — ation, education, and legislation."

"Yes! that's it! Well, I'll join you in the salvation corner this morning."

Some of the others went in other directions—to the Metropolitan Church, the Rev. Mr. Wyld's, the English Cathedral, and so on, but the larger number accompanied X. Y. Z. to St. Andrew's Church.

The service *here* is always instructive, and quietly beautiful; the interior of the building is spacious, handsome without being ornate, and comfortable without being luxurious; the music and singing are perfect, without shewing any straining after effect—essentially congregational singing. The Pastor, Mr. Macdonnell, it will be remembered, some years ago went through a trying ordeal in Halifax before the Presbyterian Synod. It was charged against him that he had leaned in his teachings to the Universalist creed, "of a larger hope than the Westminster Confession of Faith admits of," holding that "punishment is a mediatorial work, and founded upon mercy to all, in some way, at some time." Since that day Canon Farrar has, to some extent, committed him-

self to the same broad views, and the utterance of them may be said to no longer shock, as they did some years ago, the most rigid orthodoxy; certain it is, in Mr. Macdonnell's case, his loving liberalism has but endeared him the more to his congregation, and increased his popularity as a preacher.

He cannot be called an orator; his discourses contain no impassioned flights; his vocation is essentially that of a teacher, and in this capacity he is almost above criticism; every word he utters seems to be in its right place, and every sentence is replete with practical lucid meaning; light and clearness indeed may be said to be his best characteristics; knowing what he wants to say, he says it without obscurity or needless exuberance.

On the Sunday X. Y. Z. and his friends were listeners, the preacher took for his text two entire chapters of Job, which he read through, and then gave a running commentary on; it was a most interesting study! Alternately the speaker was one of Job's three comforters? reproaching him with sins of neglect to the poor, the fatherless, and the widow; then by a change of position and voice, was Job himself eloquently rebutting the charges so brought, and asserting his self-justification.

"I wonder what Job will have to say to that," whispered little O., at a crisis in the discussion; and in such wonder indeed the congregation sat throughout the whole commentary, the interest being absorbing and sustained until to the last word was uttered.

In the afternoon most of the Alphabet followed a steady stream of people that was pouring up Yonge street to the Adelaide street rink, where Sam Jones and Sam Small were holding services; the building was crowded, and it was with difficulty our party got sitting room.

On the platform were many leading ministers from churches of all denominations in Toronto; differences of creed being set aside for the nonce, in a general effort to support the Evangelists in their work. Sam Small was the first to take the platform, and he held the audience for half an hour closely following him; there were occasional breaks of genuine oratory in his discourse, and throughout nothing fell from his lips to give offence to the most fastidious listeners.

When he sat down, his friend Jones took his place, and with him a different order of things set in; he had not spoken ten minutes before one felt, "Here is an original Sam—a talker with more than talent, with unmistakable genius in him." The talk seemed to fit the man as the shell does the oyster; laughter and tears were called forth at his will,—he played upon his audience as though it were an instrument of which he was perfect master; it was not preaching—but talking; *but such* talk! one might go for a quarter of a century and not hear the like; to read it in cold print gives no idea of its wonderful magnetism! In print the illustrative stories and anecdotes told sometimes seem in doubtful taste—even vulgar—and the phraseology used often question-

able; but no such rendering would occur to the most critical in listening to the MAN! What fills the mind in listening to HIM is the thought: "Here is a man in deadly earnest; with quaint conceits and queer excrescences bubbling out of him—spite of himself; the message he has to deliver his whole soul is in, *that* is clear as the noonday; but the method of delivery is his own—not formed from any pattern or school, or borrowed from books, but born in and coming out of the *man* himself; with the intensity of a life and death issue he vivifies and illuminates everything that he touches; his drolleries are but an accident of his nature—straws on the surface of the stream. This is Sam Jones."

At night some of the party went to the Methodist Metropolitan Church, the largest church in Toronto, its sitting capacity accommodating three or four thousand people; the fitting up of the interior is elaborate and ornate; the organ is said to be the largest in the Dominion, and it is supported by a trained choir of a hundred to a hundred and twenty voices. The pastor having charge of such a church, as a matter of course, is always a picked man, and to miss visiting the Metropolitan would be a mistake. With this service ended the Sunday around the churches in Toronto.

Said little O., that night (the Alphabet were smoking their pipes in X. Y. Z.'s room): "Tell you what it is, boys, the reality of a personal devil raised by

Sam Jones, this afternoon, brought vividly back to my mind an incident that occurred to me some twenty years back, when I thought for sure I had seen the objectionable old fellow face to face."

"Tell us the story, O,"—from all sides.

"Well! I was travelling in the Old Country on business, had had a hard day's work in Edinburgh, finished up, and caught the night mail south for London; I was the only passenger in a first-class carriage, and soon after starting I fell fast asleep in one of the easy arm-chaired soft-cushioned seats. You know of course that the railway carriages are different at home to our cars out here; in a first-class carriage there are but six seats—three on each side—and the guard locks the door upon you before the train starts. Well, how long I slept or how often we stopped without my waking I don't know; I was so deadly tired it must have been for some hours, but when I woke a full moon was shining through the open window. It was in summer and a hot night, and I had let down the window before starting. Dazed, and only half awake, I was yet dimly conscious, rather from intuition than eyesight, of a something in the middle seat opposite to me. I yawned, stretched out, pulled myself together and—*tenebris in lux*,—what I saw sent such a shiver down my spine as an upset twenty gallon ice pitcher could not have matched, and I literally believe my hair stood upright, while my teeth chattered in my jaws like a dice-box rattling."

"What was it? What was it, O.?" from all the Alphabet.

"Sitting opposite to me—I told you the full moon was shining through the window—and sitting opposite to me in the full glare of the moon was a monstrosity in celestial habiliments and a pigtail; its round globe of a head was up above the network against the roof of the carriage, and its legs were stretched east to west from door to door and doubled up at that; but the eyes—Jehosaphat! they were like blue saucers set in the moon, and staring vacantly down at me. I turned round to jump out of the window—anywhere!—anywhere!—although we were running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, when, horror of horrors! I saw on the seat to the left of me a dwarf monstrosity, the miniature antipodes of the thing opposite, but without a pigtail. I sank back in my seat aghast, frightened to death! and the blue saucer eyes stared blankly at me without a blink in them, and I could not escape their horrid fascination. I should have had a fit, certain, but luckily just then the speed slackened and in a few minutes 'Carlisle, Carlisle,' was shouted from the platform, and the guard unlocked the door. I sprang out quicker than you could cry out Jack Robinson."

"I guess you've had a scare, sir," said the guard, "(probably noticing the perpendicular of my hair,)" "that's Chang, the Chinese Giant, and Ching, the Dwarf; I put them in the carriage while you were asleep."

"That's my story, gentlemen, and you can believe me, I never want another *mauvais quart d'heure* again like that one, during my natural life."

There was a hearty laugh over O.'s story, and then pipes were filled again till bedtime.

"Well," said X. Y. Z., as he wished his friends good night, "to-morrow, I suppose, will see us with our faces eastward, our business done, and Home! the cry."



CHAPTER X.

HOMEWARDS ! AND THE LAST WORDS OF THE ALPHABET.

IT was with a sense of delight the Alphabet inhaled the salt air, as the returning train struck the shores of Bay Chaleur. They had crowded into every waking hour of the twenty-four—for ten or twelve days—the fullest possible measure of business and pleasure, and had done sight-seeing enough to last for a year; coming now to the sea again, and lazily watching the white-crested waves breaking almost under the car wheels—brought into play with them various emotions, the paramount being that they were nearing home; dwellers down by the sea, after an inland trip, yearn longingly after old Ocean, and welcome the sight of it as of the face of a dear friend. There's a wondrous compensation for many missed pleasures in saline oxygen.

They had spent a day in Montreal, passing through—done the sights and visited many of the warehouses there—and long and animated had been the discussions on the respective merits of the queen and mountain cities.

“For business”—L. had insisted—“give *me* Toronto! I went through the biggest dry goods ware-

houses in Montreal, but for volume of stock, for tasteful selection, and for manner of handling the goods, John Macdonald & Co. is away ahead of anything I saw in Montreal; I suppose I needn't ask if you agree with me, Z. Y. Z.?"

"*Cela va sans dire*," was the reply. "One need not be bashful over facts; so far as volume of stock is concerned, why certainly you see in John Macdonald & Co.'s nearly double the amount of any rival stock in the Dominion; and the taste displayed in selection ought to show up in my house. You must remember *each* department with us has a special buyer—an expert in his line—who has nothing else to think of or study but the wants of his own department; what is going on in the adjoining department, either in buying or selling, doesn't interest him—he has nothing to do with it. The case is very different with most dry goods warehousemen, where one buyer only goes home to the markets, to select *everything* that makes up the stock, from a common ounce pin to a fine piece of gros-grain silk. It is a simple impossibility for the one man to make a study of everything he buys, as the *specialist* can and does with us; it would, therefore, be strange indeed if we did not show superior excellence in our choice of goods."

"I think I shall speak the mind of the party," said P. from P. E. I., "when I say we all return completely satisfied with the business results of our trip. I, for one, hope to go up again, and when you get up your next excursion, X. Y. Z., don't leave *me* out."

"Nor me! nor me! nor me!" from a dozen voices at once.

"No fear of my forgetting any of you," from X. Y. Z. "The journey has been an interrupted pleasure to me all through. There has been the most perfect harmony in the party from start to finish, and I hope to take most of you up another season, with additions to our number, until all the leading accounts the house wants to run are strengthened by a face to face acquaintance; there can be no possible doubt every one going up will find it more satisfactory, and profitable, to buy from such a stock as ours for immediate delivery, rather than to order elsewhere from samples six months ahead of the season.

"There will be no hitch in the matter of freights?" suggested N., enquiringly.

"Cannot possibly be; you will find freights on our goods from Toronto will cost you less than if you bought the same goods in Montreal; *the House will prepay all freights to the terminus of a railway in any part of the Lower Provinces; charging in your accounts your proportion from Montreal only*; this arrangement for prepayment will save you from any altercation with the railway companies, who are too much in the habit of overcharging where goods are shipped for collection from the consignee, especially so where the nature of such goods has not been declared at time of shipment; in *our case*, there *can* be no overcharge, because the contract will be made for a through rate before the packages go on the cars;

and it is in such sense I make the statement that the cost for freights will be lower from Toronto than you are now paying on similar goods from Montreal."

"There's one thing more I want to say," resumed X. Y. Z., "and then we will finish the talk about shop. In a case of emergency, which frequently arises, wherein you want some special articles at once, *I recommend you to send night telegrams direct to the house on collection*; you know now, for yourselves, it is hardly possible you can ask for anything known in the trade which you will not get from us, and you can always depend on a night message order being filled next day; this is worth bearing in mind, and acting upon, when occasion arises; letter and telegraphed orders keep an account lively; I hope you will send plenty of both. And now, L., the 'shop' talk being closed, bring on some other subject."

But L. smoked his pipe in silence, a remarkable circumstance in *him*, who was always as full of talk as an egg is of meat; and it was T., from the western shore of Nova Scotia, who opened out.

T. was a shipbuilder; a great Grit and Repealer. "I see by the papers," said he, warmly, "there's been another double shuffle in the 'rope' trade, which will still further handicap the shipbuilding industry."

"What is that?" from one of the listeners.

"Well, to understand it you must be posted in the history of the trade for the past year or two; there are four large roperies in the Dominion, one at Dart-

mouth, St. John, Quebec, and Montreal; and they are enjoying under the National Policy a protection which is almost unique. Amongst the multitude of iniquitous monopolies created by the Policy, not one is so glaring as the rope monopoly; to all intents and purposes, the Chinese wall against imported rope is a solidly impenetrable one—no loophole in it to get a coil through from outside. Take Sisal rope, which is most used in the country; the uniform price at the factories here to-day is $7\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound; the price in the United States is $5\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound; to prevent the people of this country getting the benefit of the foreign rate, the duties have been piled up, and piled up, from 20 per cent. *ad valorem*—at which they stood in 1885—to $1\frac{1}{4}$ cents per lb. specific, and 10 per cent. *ad valorem*—the impost to-day; a discrimination of $37\frac{1}{2}$ to 40 per cent. for these four petted roperies; and it must be borne in mind that the conditions of manufacturing rope are not *less* but *more* favourable in the Dominion than in the States; raw material can be laid down in both countries for the same figure, but wages, cost of living, rent, taxes, and general current expenses, are considerably less with us than with our neighbours. Imagine, then, if there is a profit at $5\frac{1}{4}$ cents in the States (which undoubtedly there is), what a bonanza our four monopolist factories are enjoying at $7\frac{1}{4}$ cents; their proprietors can truly say to the people of this country—the Tory portion of them—who have put a fortune into their pockets: '*The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, we have a goodly heritage.*'"

"But," continued T, "this is only the prologue to what was moving my indignation. I notice by the papers, the rope manufacturers—not content with the large gains the National Policy (so-called!) has put in their way—are greedily grasping for more profit; they have established a private policy of their own, a monopoly within a monopoly, a see-saw cycle imposition on the trade."

"What have they done?" from O.

"They have formed a round robin combination, fixing a uniform price, and uniform terms for their goods; cancelling prepaid freights, and in other respects bearing harder on the dealer; they feel so sure of their ground, that they calculate to sell all they can produce without employing agents to go round to take orders—a thing they were compelled to do when they were competing with each other for the business of the country; they divide the trade of the country up into a hundred per cent. schedule; so much of this is allotted for Dartmouth's share, so much for Montreal, and the balance for St. John and Quebec. Either one of the four factories doing more than its allotted figure, pools in the profit on the surplus for the benefit of the factory doing less than its allotted figure. The whole arrangement, it appears to me, is intended to give the lie to the old adage, "*that competition is the soul of business*;" instead of that there will be in future a newer adage—a ropery one—current, which will read "*monopoly is the kernel of the nut, competition the husk, let us agree to do away with the husk.*"

"Isn't one of the Dominion representatives for Halifax a rope man?" asked an Alphabet.

"Yes!" grimly replied T, "but he doesn't represent Halifax! he represents the Roperies.

"I wonder" mused L, in his sententious way rousing himself into speech at last, "I wonder how many renegade Liberal manufacturers were ticketed for sale when National Policy was in the air, with "you-can-buy-me-if-you-pay-the-price, chieftain;" and a 37½ to 40 per cent. slap in the face to the foreigner was a big price T., a big temptation! I'm afraid the manufacturers with us are few and far between, who could say "get thee behind me, Satan," to a 37½ or 40 per cent. tariff bait."

"But I tell you what I should do in your place, T.," continued L., after he had blown a wreath of Latakia around his head.

"Yes! well! what is it?"

"I should collect all the facts bearing on the case you have put, round them into shape, and be ready to use them when Edward Blake is master of the situation! and that wont be long hence, I prophesy."

"In what way should you do it, L.?"

"I should—but, X. Y. Z., you are the man for the job, it is more in your line—I should get up a petition to the First Minister of the Reform Government, praying for a return of the duties on rope to the 1885 standard of 20 per cent. as a maximum—(if our manufacturers could not compete with the foreign producers, with that protection, they should give up the business)—I should get the petition

signed by every dealer in the Provinces interested in rope; and—depend upon it, Tories would sign as quickly as Liberals if it touched their pockets; for, when it comes to the individual interest, the Tory is just as anxious to buy cheap as the Liberal;—such a petition as I suggest—weightily attested—would be sure to receive consideration, and most likely be acted on—try it, X. Y. Z., when the time is ripe for it.”

“Well! we shall see; perhaps I will.”

“But what if, in the meantime,” said T., “Repeal in Nova Scotia grows out of the speculative into the practical; what if it becomes an accomplished fact? No need *then* to go to the Federal Government, Liberal or Tory, to ask for fiscal changes; we could make them for ourselves.

“And do you seriously believe for a single moment,” said L., with animation, “that such a condition as you suggest will arise? You have seen it demonstrated clearly enough, that neither New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island would cast in their lot with us in a secession struggle; we should have to play the game alone; and with what chance of success, I ask? None!—absolutely none! *I* voted for Repeal—I saw with satisfaction the cry sustained at the polls—I believe it has been a good propaganda for the Liberal cause; it set the ball rolling against Tory misrule! it was the first slide of the avalanche under which I hope and believe will be buried a corrupt and senile Government! and, in helping to bring about this much to be desired consummation,

I think Repeal will have done its work, and done it well ! I don't want to see it go further myself, but when the Reformers come into power, I want to see, on the contrary, Nova Scotia going in heart and soul with them, to strengthen their hands for honest legislation. Since I have visited Ontario and seen with my own eyes what a noble Province it is, how full of life ! of intelligence ! of love of freedom and justice ! of law abiding order ! of commercial greatness ! I should deplore as a calamity the severance of connection from such a country and such a people."

"Then" pursued L., only pausing to change the subject, "there is one thing will never impose on *me* again, and that is the cry that the Upper Province people don't want to buy from us, and only look to see the I. C. R. running forever down hill to load us up with their manufactures ; the cry is false ! and I blame our Grit press for so continually reiterating it for purely party purposes. We have all seen in our experience on this journey, that Toronto dealers are ready to buy from us anything we have to sell suited for their wants ; so far as fish is concerned, there is an immense market open for us if we only have enterprise enough to make use of it ; and so it is with anything else we produce in the Lower Provinces of a distinct character—let us only be as active in pushing trade up west, as the western men have been in pushing trade down east, and this cry that there is no profitable reciprocity in our relations, will soon pass out of hearing—not the shadow of a doubt about it. What do you say, boys ?

There was quite a lively discussion followed L's interrogation, but the consensus of opinion was strongly in his favour.

"The fact is," said little O, "we are all returning from this trip, better informed, if not wiser men! I agree with so much L. has said myself, that I don't care to argue with him; but I tell you what it is, L., your removing the Repeal ticket from the Provincial Government's platform would about leave them orphaned; what work would they find for their hands to do?"

"Work!" echoed L., "Work! in Nova Scotia? Why, it's ready to their hands, mountain high! There is not such a rich province as ours in the union, when we set to work in real earnest in it; and the Government can show their patriotism in no way so usefully as in leading the van in this grappling with earnest work."

"In what direction, for instance?"

"In directing the development of our natural resources—our fisheries, mines, forests, and those manufactures which seem assigned to us by Providence, in the possession of these very resources. Why! take the bonanza we have even in the matter of gold. I have just been reading that in one year—since January, 1885—the labours of eighteen men at a mine has produced over 3,000 ounces of gold, worth say \$60,000; and there are 4,000 ounces of the precious metal now in sight on the same property. It is declared by experts that the estimated area of the gold-bearing rocks in Nova Scotia is

3,000 square miles. Just fancy it! and follow in imagination the boundless wealth we possess, which only requires honest skill and labour to disembowel from the earth. *Then*, when we touch on our coal, iron, and iron ore deposits, we touch on what is practically illimitable; there is no calculating the results which must follow the development of these unworked El Dorados. No work for the Government, you say, apart from this Repeal chimera? Why, I repeat, there's a mountain high arrears of it. Tell me this. Why should all published accounts of new mining areas come first to our knowledge from the United States? What work is more imperative on a Government than to investigate untiringly and thoroughly the wealth-yielding resources of the country they are governing, to make them known to the world? We have this anomalous state of things *now*, that almost every venture undertaken for the discovery of oil, gold, iron, coal, etc., comes from the enterprise of Yankees, and not from that of Nova Scotians, who are most interested in the results; and you know well, if a street railway, telephone, telegraph, dry dock, hotel, or any soever public work, becomes a modern necessity in our towns and cities, who undertakes to introduce the innovation. Is it the Nova Scotian? No, never; the Yankee always."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis—'tis true!" lamented O.; but you would not have the local government undertake these things, L.?"

"I would have the local government cease to be

pessimists. I would have them cease proclaiming that secession is the only panacea for all our inactivities. The first duty of a government is to gather that information for the public good which the individual cannot obtain; and to inspire confidence in the future of the country. What, in our own case, would be more efficacious for good in one direction, than for the Government to engage two or three first-class practical chemists, who had had an experience in iron ores, to explore, analyze, prepare statistics of cost of converting the raw material, etc., into manufactured product, and thus form a basis of action for the capitalist to follow up till he had in running order new industries—natural ones? This is one of the directions in which the Government could find work to do, and truly patriotic work at that. Discussing grievances session after session, living ever in the past, and consumed with regrets at possible mistakes of policy in that past, is not going to do us any good; far from it. Ontario legislators don't carry on so. They would never have their \$7,000,000 of surplus to show if they did. Oh, no; far otherwise.

"There's common sense," said T. (as L. ceased speaking), "in much that you have advanced. We must all concede *that*; but it will in my opinion require a good many first-class funerals in Halifax before capital *there* will be invested in anything less speculative than six per cent. mortgages, or bank stocks."

"But why," contended O., "if Government (as L.

suggests), by prospecting, analyzing, etc., pointed the way to a good thing, why should not the banks help in developing it? There's not a bank in Halifax but has surplus funds it can't use to the full."

"There's *one* bank, and *that* the leading one in Halifax," said L., sardonically, "which has so little leaning towards home development, or else lacks faith in any such, as to prefer investing its surplus funds a couple of thousand miles away, in the Western States. Possibly, it will receive a shock some fine morning by finding some of its Yankee borrowers a little too smart for its welfare. Such things have happened before, I believe."

"Talking about new industries," said X. Y. Z., "I have had one lately sketched out by a correspondent (a customer down the Gaspé shore), which seems to be very practical. You must know there are thousands of tons of fish refuse, such as cods' heads, lobster shells, etc., thrown away every season down that shore; the beaches in fact are lined with such refuse, till the tides sweep it off into the sea. My correspondent suggests utilizing all this waste; he projects the formation of a company with a maximum capital of \$20,000, with which to erect a factory and put in machinery to grind up the fish bones, and convert them into a fertilizer. It appears this is done to great profit in Norway, where my friend has spent one or two winters for the purpose of acquiring practical information on the subject. There is a limitless demand in England at £11 to £12 stg. the ton for the compound, which has quali-

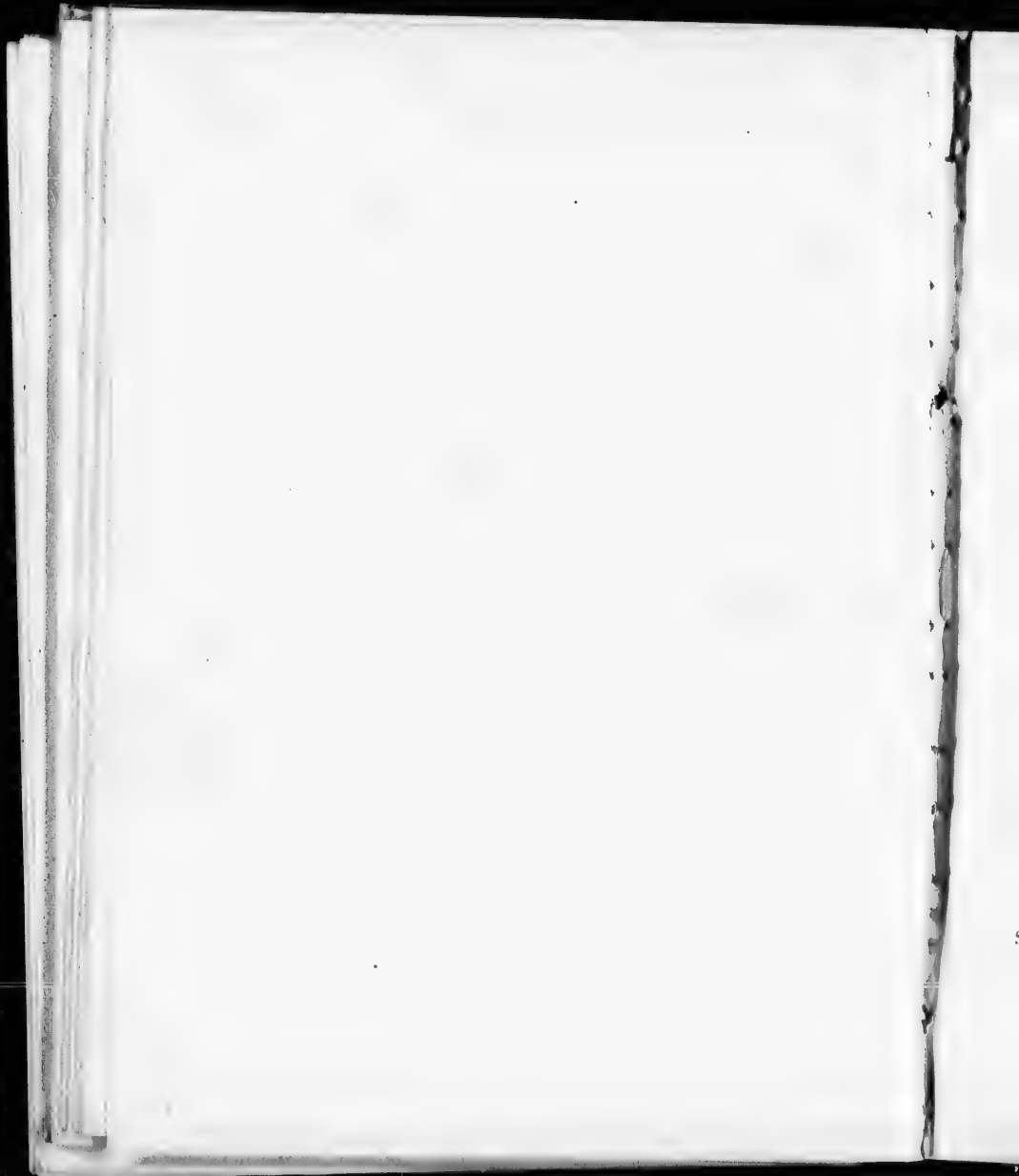
ties it appears, superior to South American guano ; and the consumption, would be very large in the West Indies for cultivating the sugar cane. Altogether, it seems a very likely project, the carrying out of which would be a great boon to the shore. I hope it will be adopted, and prove a success. But—regretfully I say it—in a few minutes now we shall have to yield to the inevitable ; the best of friends must part—we are close upon Moncton.”

“Well,” said L., rising to his feet, “here’s the porter bringing us in coffee, and before we part—bearing in mind the hospitalities and attentions we have received on this journey, and the happy time we have had together—I wish to propose a toast, and here it is, gentlemen : ‘*Prosperity, continued and increasing, to the house of John Macdonald & Co., and may every party going up to visit them for business, come away as well satisfied with their visit as the present one.*’”

“Hear ! hear ! hear ! hear !” from all. “And to that I add,” cried little O., “*here’s three times three for X. Y. Z.*”

And these were the last words of the Alphabet.

FINIS



DUNBAR, McMASTER & CO.
GILFORD, IRELAND, AND GREENWICH, U.S.,
Manufacturers of Linen Threads,
SEWING THREADS OF ALL KINDS.



Gilling Twines, Hem Twines, &c.

Our "EXTRA SILVER CABLE" for MacKay &
Goodyear Machines is acknowledged to be
SECOND TO NONE.

BOOKBINDERS' THREADS

Specially prepared for Heavy Blank Books, used by the largest manufacturers of these goods in Canada.

S. DAVISON, Agent,
14 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

JAMES LEAR,
135, Granville Street, Halifax, N.S.,

—AND—

IN MAGILTON & CO.'S BLOCK, ST. JOHN, N.B.,

AGENT
IN MARITIME PROVINCES

—FOR—

John Macdonald & Co.,
TORONTO.

PRIVATE ADDRESS:

FAIRMOUNT,
North-West Avenue,
HALIFAX, N. S.

CHARLOTTETOWN
WOOLLEN MILLS

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
TWEEDS, HOME-SPUNS, ETOFFES,
BLANKETING, ETC., ETC.

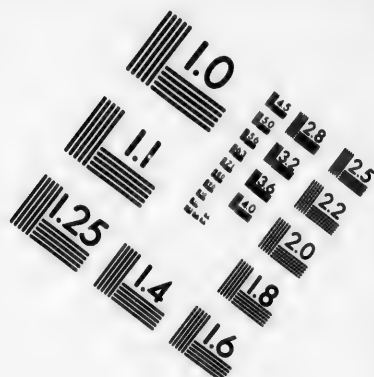
We turn out Cloths fully equal to the "Oxford Make,"
and at lower prices.

THE TRADE ONLY SUPPLIED.

Our goods are being extensively used both in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, as well as in the Maritime Provinces.

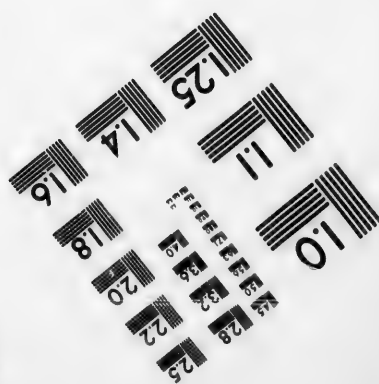
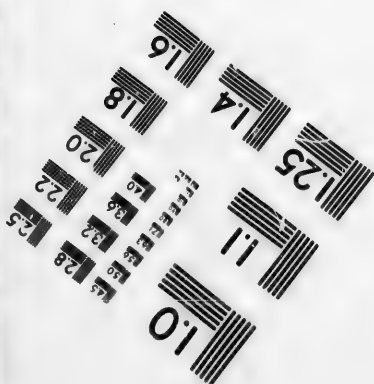
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WOOL.





Resolution test chart showing patterns of vertical and horizontal lines with numerical values ranging from 1.0 to 4.0.

6"



Photographic Sciences Corporation

**23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503**



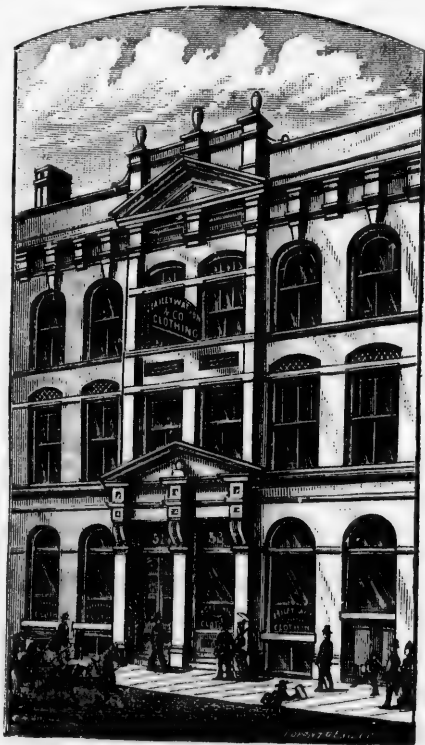
W. H. LAILEY.

J. WATSON.

ED. BOISSEAU.

LAILEY, WATSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS,

Men's, Boy's and Youths' Clothing.



CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
—AND—
English and American Rubber Goods.

51 and 53 Front Street West,
TORONTO.

. BOISSEAU .

O.,

TERS,

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

English and American Rubber Goods.

st,

LAILEY, WATSON & CO.—*Continued.*

IN view of the rapid growth of this, the Queen City of the Dominion, and its fast increasing strength commercially in all branches of trade, we would here draw your attention especially to the manufacture of **Ready-Made Clothing** wholesale. From the moment our Eastern competitors felt the influence of our competition in the West, and particularly in the Maritime Provinces, which they have always considered their especial preserves, the cry was raised that we were handicapped in the matter of cheap labour. To some extent in the early history of the trade this was the case. When MR. THOS. LAILEY founded the business in 1834 he had this difficulty to contend with, as the city was much smaller, and the labour supply limited, but when he retired and was succeeded by the present firm of LAILEY, WATSON & Co., in 1885, the marvellous growth of the city and population, during the half century, combined with labour-saving improvements, such as Cutting, Button-hole and Pressing Machines, reducing the cost of manufacturing to a minimum, had effectually solved this problem.

No city in Canada has the same facilities for fostering and improving a manufacturing business, having admittedly without exception, the most intelligent population of any city in the Dominion, speaking one language. They are easily trained and taught any new branch of the business, combining this with the main points to a manufacturer, viz :

" Cheapness and Skill."

Finding our business increasing and requiring more room, we have removed to the large building Nos. 51 and 53 Front Street West, which was built specially for us, and arranged in point of equipment to expedite the business. We can safely say that there are no finer clothing flats in the Dominion for space and light. The cut on the opposite page correctly represents the building.

LAILEY, WATSON & CO.—*Continued.*

The basement is used for shipping and receiving goods, also laying out of orders and entering ; the first floor we use for Woollens and Childrens' Clothing ; the second for Men's, Boys' and Youths' Suits and Overcoats ; third flat being devoted to manufacturing purposes, where the cutting by the latest improved cutting machines is done, also pleating of Children's Suits, button-holeing and pressing. We employ a large staff of hands in this department, cutters, trimmers, etc., etc., besides experts in examining the work when finished and brought in by hands employed outside of the premises. This department is in charge of one of the best American Designers and Cutters, whose originality in designs precludes anything but what meets the requirements of the trade.

Finding a growing demand for better made and finished garments, we are bending our energies to the manufacture of fine clothing, with the object of placing a better class of goods in the market than has heretofore been shown, enabling man, youth, boy or child to be well dressed at a moderate price.

Our aim is to make such goods as will exclude the low-price trashy custom work out of the market, which in reality does not compare with well cut garments, made by experienced and trained hands of a first-class clothing house, and the appreciation of our efforts have been unexpectedly pleasing. We have our representatives on the road with complete range of samples, and bespeak for them a careful look through the goods before placing your orders.

Truly yours,

LAILEY, WATSON & CO.

Continued.

ing goods, also laying
use for Woollens and
ys' and Youths' Suits
manufacturing purposes,
ing machines is done,
ing and pressing. We
nt, cutters, trimmers,
rk when finished and
remises. This depart-
esigners and Cutters,
but what meets the

and finished garments,
ure of fine clothing,
ds in the market than
outh, boy or child to

clude the low-price
h in reality does a
perienced and trained
appreciation of our
have our representa-
ples, and bespeak for
lacing your orders.

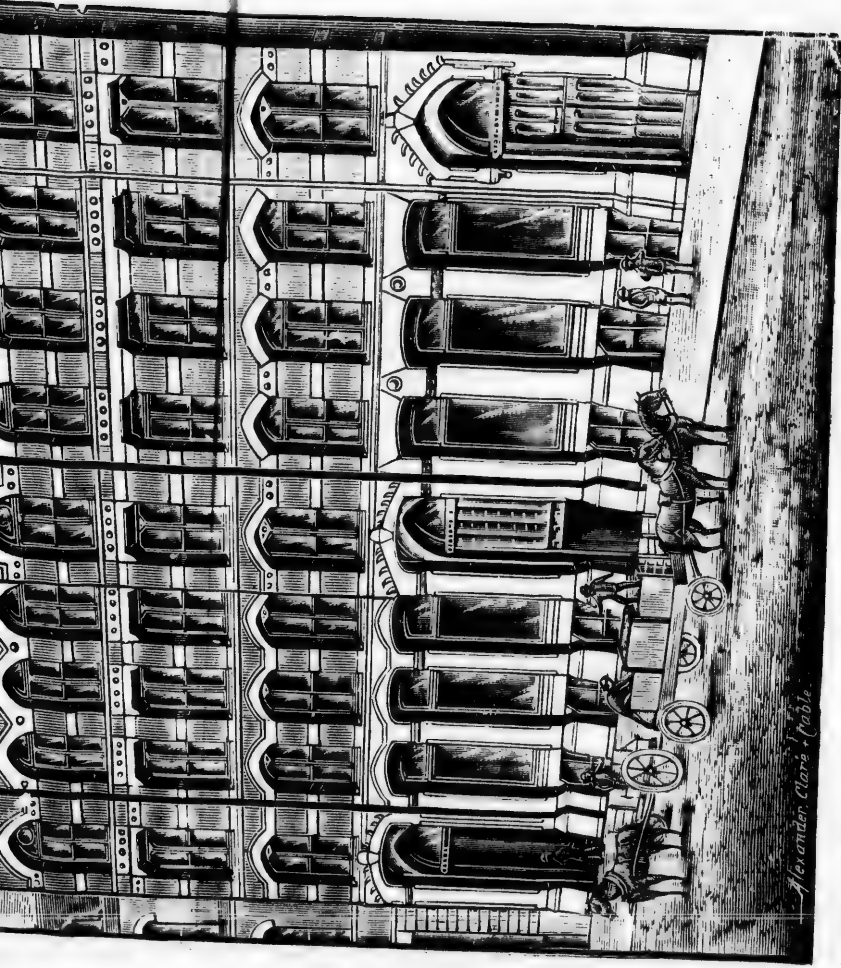
rs,

SON & CO.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

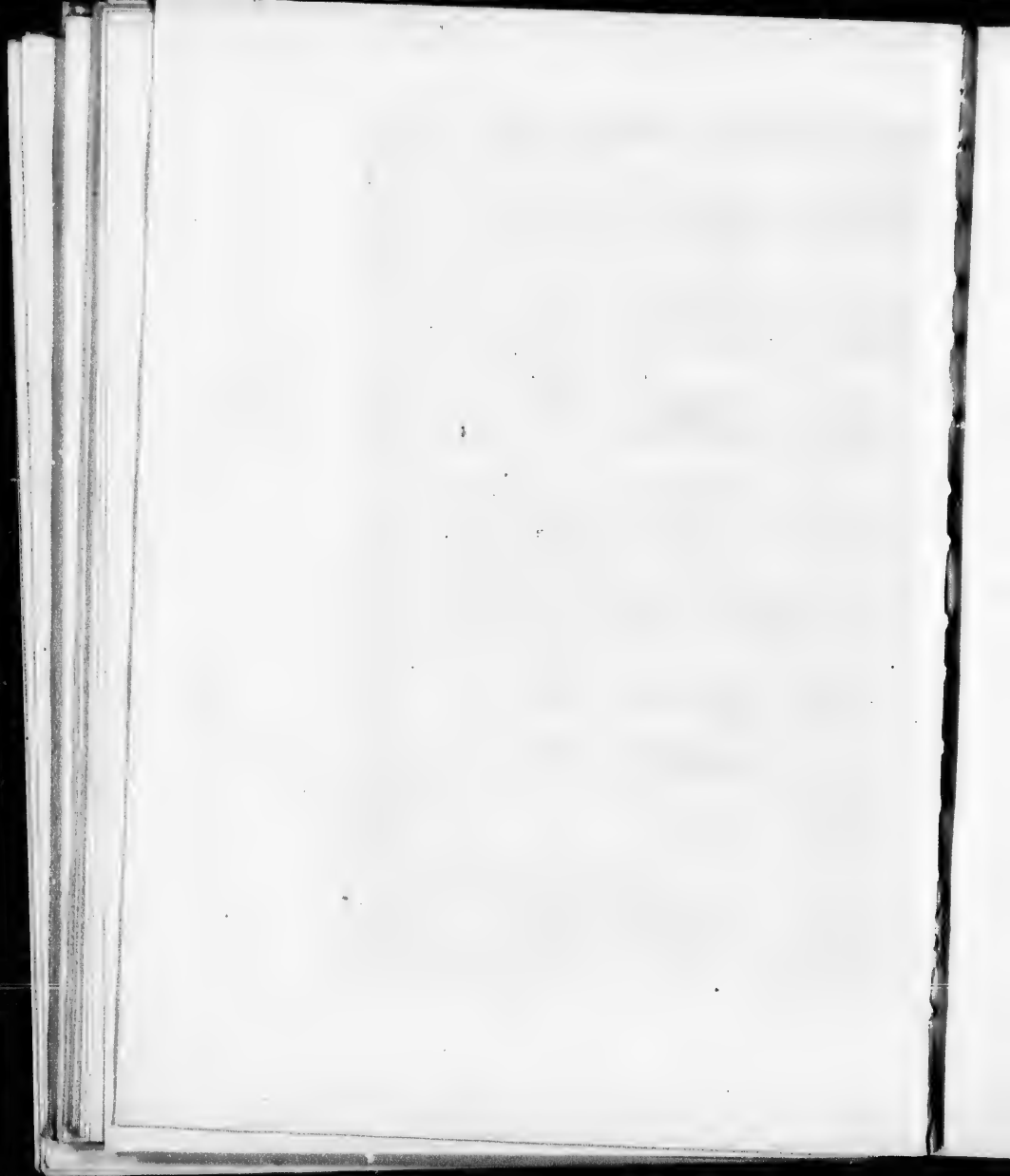




21, 23, 25 & 27 WELLINGTON ST. EAST,
30, 32, 34 & 36 FRONT ST. EAST.

TORONTO,

and Manchester, Eng.



JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

1887

21, 23, 25 & 27 Wellington St. East,
30, 32, 34 & 36 Front St. East,

1887

TORONTO AND MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT

Our Importations.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

Never in the history of the Dry Goods trade of Canada has such a display of PRINTS been shown in any house.

The stock embraces an endless variety. Some idea of the extent and variety of the Print Stock may be formed from the fact that the purchaser may make his selection from about 6,000 Patterns, chiefly confined to our own house.

GINGHAMS,—

Stock large, patterns new, value right.

SHIRTINGS,—

Sheetings, Grey and White Cottons, Ducks, Denims, Tickings, Cretonnes, Waist Linings, etc., the stock is most complete, and large offerings are made either by piece or by package.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.

The rapid development of our Linen Trade has compelled us to devote **one entire flat of our Warehouse** (with the exception of the business offices), to our Linen Goods, a few lines will give some idea of the magnitude of the assortment :—

Towels	- - - -	18,000 doz.
Tablings	- - - -	790 pcs.
Napkins	- - - -	3,300 doz.
Rough Browns	- - -	1,500 pcs.
Canvas	- - - -	600 pcs.
Hollands (dressed)	- -	400 pcs.
Towellings	- - - -	5,700 pcs.
Crash (Russia)	- - -	60 bls.
Striped Hessians	- -	500 pcs.
Burlaps, Hop Sackings, Etc., etc.		

ued.
de has
Ware-
ces), to
of the
DZ.
CS.
DZ.
CS.
CS.
CS.
CS.
CS.
CS.
CS.
CS.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.—*Continued.*

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

The purchases for this department represent Plain and Fancy Dress Goods. These have been selected in the best markets of

FRANCE, GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN,

and notwithstanding the unprecedented advance in the class of wools which enter into the manufacture of Dress Goods, we were by early purchases enabled to secure the bulk of our stock at the lowest point the market had touched in the previous year.

Women's and Misses' Hosiery and Gloves.

The stock in these goods has been most carefully selected, and represents the best makes in German, British and Canadian goods, and embraces the most complete assortment in women's and Misses' Hosiery (Plain and Fashioned). Prices much below those of last year, some lines being absolutely confined to Our Own House. Same remarks will apply to

GLOVES

Special attention being called to a very large line of 12, 14 and 16-inch Black and Coloured Silk Gloves.

CORSETS.

In this line we are showing a very complete assortment in new and popular styles at excellent value.

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS.

A full and complete assortment in White and Coloured.

British Woollens.

The purchases for this department have been made with the utmost care and on the most favourable terms. The steady development of this department has necessitated larger imports, and these consequently afford a greater range of patterns and a greater variety of makes.

The prices, despite the enormous advance, will compare favourably with prices named at the very lowest point, and it is with the greatest confidence that the attention of the

MERCHANT TAILORING TRADE

Is called to this important department and steadily increasing feature in our business.

Complete lines of **Tailors' Trimmings.**

Canadian Tweeds.

The growth of this department has compelled us to devote to it exclusively one entire flat of our

NEW WAREHOUSE

Which may be said to be, without boasting, one of the most beautiful Tweed rooms in this country.

The purchases for our Spring Trade are very large, and have been made with the utmost care and upon the most favourable terms.

The stock represents the products of the leading mills of the Dominion. Selection can be made from about

800 OF THE VERY BEST DESIGNS

And, notwithstanding all the noise about advance in price, are in many instances

LOWER THAN LAST SEASON.

For the protection of our customers, if for nothing else, our purpose is in this department (as indeed in every department), to keep in the **Very First Rank.**

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.—*Continued.*

SILK DEPARTMENT.

WE are in a position to offer special advantages in BLACK GROS GRAINS to our customers. From the fact that we control three of the most popular lines of the products of one of the largest

Continental Manufacturers

We strongly urge a trial, if it be nothing
more than

One Sample Piece.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.—*Continued.*

SILK DEPARTMENT.

EMBROIDERIES AND LACES—

It seems unnecessary to say much about Embroideries, as we are known throughout the trade as very large dealers. Our present stock of about

15,000 PIECES

represents the newest patterns, and at prices as low as we have ever offered.

PARASOLS—

Our stock is complete, is attractive, and of excellent value.

MUSLINS—

Our usual supply of Checks, Nainsooks, Victorias, Book (Black and White) Costume Muslins, Brilliants and Brocades.

JERSEYS—

A very full range in 40 patterns, Plain and Braided.

VELVETEENS—

A very complete stock in Blacks and Colors.

Gents' Furnishing Department.

In establishing this department we feel that we are supplying our Customers with what many of them have found to be

A LONG FELT WANT.

The determination is that it will in no respect be inferior to any department of its kind in the Dominion; stronger words we avoid. Special attention is called to our line of

GENTS' FANCY NECKTIES.

Styles newest and value good.

GENTS' SHIRTS AND COLLARS:

We are most anxious that our customers should feel assured that the value, fit, workmanship and quality of these goods is just what they require, and such as cannot be surpassed.

With this aim in view we set out, and this end we are determined to accomplish.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.—Continued.

Gents' Furnishing Department.

GENTS' HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR—

Large assortment in Cotton, Balbriggan, Merino, White and Colored Cashmeres ; also 'Top Shirts, Men's and Boys', in all sizes.

Umbrellas—Full lines in Gingham, Zenalla, Alpaca and Silk.

Rubber Clothing—In Ladies', Boys' and Men's.

TRAVELLING BAGS, SATCHELS, &c.

Railway Travelling Rugs—Full lines in Rubber, Plush and Novelties.

Braces—Every possible variety, the John Bright, Free Trade, Hunting, Pulley, Shoulder Braces, Etc., Etc.

Haberdashery Department.

We call special attention to our line of **DRESS BUTTONS**. These represent a stock of about **15,000 Gross**, and embrace Pearls, Metals, Jets, Composition, Vegetable Ivory, Silk and Satin, in all the novelties. Please note that patterns in most instances are confined to the house, and are not to be found elsewhere.

Coat and Vest Buttons—5,000 Gross Vegetable Ivory, Vulcanite, Lasting, Horn and Pearl.

In addition, every leading line in Haberdashery, Small Wares and Notions.

Berlin Wools—We are quite safe in stating that we carry the largest and most complete stock of Berlin Wools to be found in this country. We show about **700 Shades**, embracing every new colour.

Fingering Yarns—Baldwin's makes, the J.M.D. make, now so widely asked for, and Canadian Yarns.

Embroidery Silks—Filloselles, Canvases, Etc., Etc.

Fancy Goods—Ladies' Satchels, Japanese Fans, Etc.

Carpet Department.

The purchases for this department will show that although the great advance before alluded to has affected most classes of goods in the manufacture of which wool enters, our Carpets will compare favourably in price with any goods we have ever shown. The patterns are better, the colourings are better, and the variety is greater. The stock is absolutely a **New Stock Throughout!!!**

Some idea of the stock may be had from the fact that the customer may make his selection in **Brussels, Tapestries, All-Wools, Hemps and Oil Cloths** from a stock of about

7,000 PIECES.

A new feature this season is the importation of Eastern Rugs direct from Constantinople.

RUGS—A large stock of Smyrna, Axminster, Velvets and Tapestries.

DOOR MATS—A very large range in every variety of make.

Cocoa and Napier Mattings—In every width and quality.

Furniture Plush—

In Silk, Mohair and Worsted, in all the leading shades and at popular prices.

**Furniture Coverings and }
Curtain Materials.**

In Raw Silk, Jute, Etc., Etc.

Curtain Lace—

A full range, from the lowest possible price up to the finest goods, in White and Ecu. A stock of about **9,000 Pairs.** Burmese Curtains, Madras, Etc. Lace Lambrequins and Curtain Nets.

Piano Covers—

Table Covers, in Cloth, Raw Silk, Jute, Moquettes.

Honey-Comb Quilts—

Marseilles Quilts, in White and Coloured and in very great variety.

Table Oil-Cloths—

Fringes, Stair Rods, Cornice Poles and Trimmings.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.—*Continued.*

IN soliciting from you an early call at our ware-
rooms in this, the

38TH YEAR OF OUR BUSINESS EXISTENCE,

It is with the conviction that when you have care-
fully looked through our various departments you
will conclude that this spring we have surpassed
all former efforts. While thanking you for the
confidence and support you have extended to our
house in the past, we hope that the principles
which we shall ever aim at in conducting our busi-
ness will be the best guarantee that you will be
justified in continuing your confidence to us in the
future.

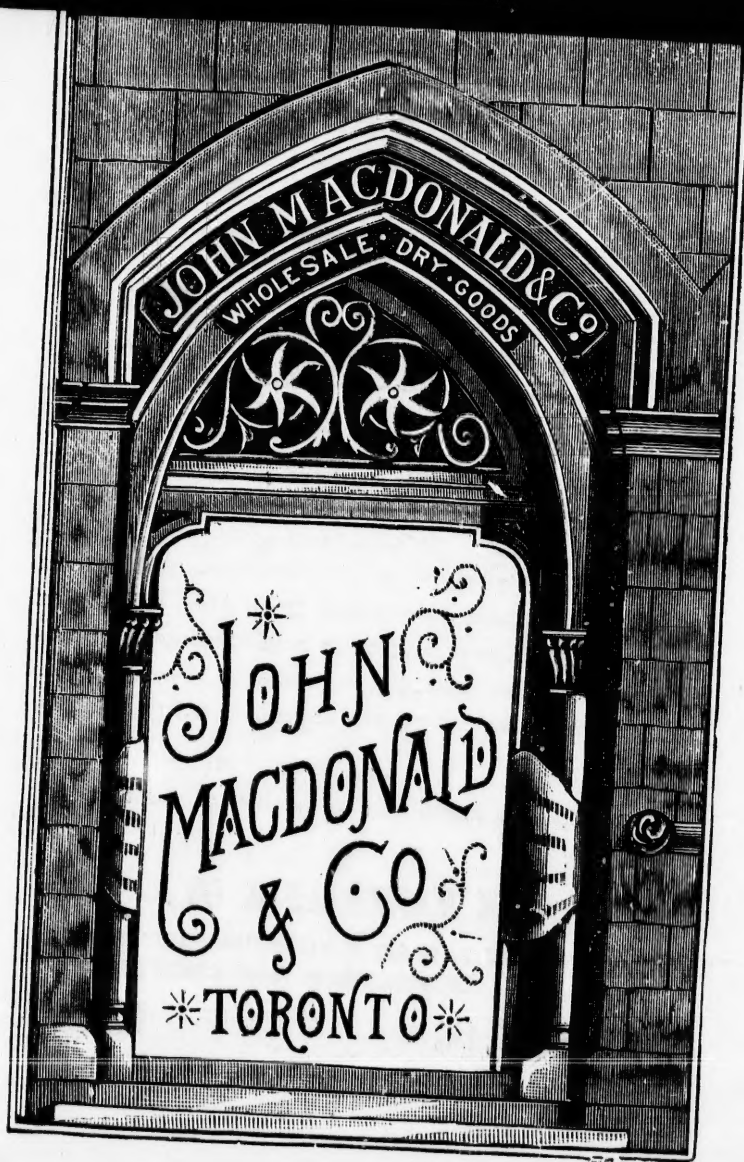
We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you
early.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,

21, 23, 25 AND 27 WELLINGTON STREET EAST,
30, 32, 34 AND 36 FRONT STREET EAST,

AND MANCHESTER, ENG.

TORONTO.



NOTICE.

The *Alphabet* wish to put on public record the great satisfaction they have had in their stay at the "Rossin House." Everything that could conduce to their comfort and enjoyment (roomy, handsome bedrooms, luxurious table, instant attention to wants) has been throughout their stay, with fullest measure of courtesy and kindness, cheerfully done for them, and they, one and all, from A to Z, feel grateful and warmly recommend their friends from the Lower Provinces visiting Toronto to make the "Rossin" their temporary home.

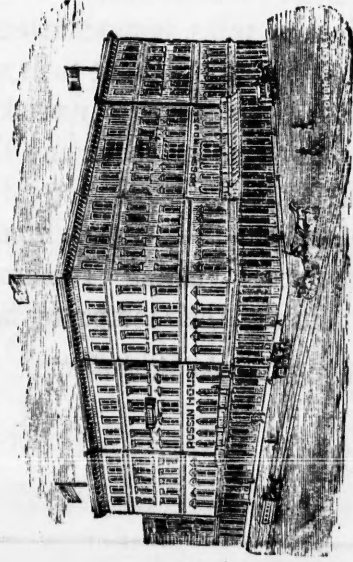
Signed for the *Alphabet*,

X Y Z.

Sept. 8, 1886.

ROSSIN HOUSE,

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



HENRY J. NOLAN,
CHIEF CLERK

MARK H. IRISH
PROPRIETOR

ROSSIN HOUSE.



TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

Remodelled and Refurnished.

New Plumbing Throughout.

THE MOST COMPLETE, LUXURIOUS AND LIBERALLY MANAGED HOTEL IN ONTARIO

THE ROSSIN HOUSE, TORONTO.

Immunity from noxious gasses and malaria guaranteed by the most perfect system of ventilation, traps, and thorough plumbing known to sanitary science.

Passenger and Baggage Elevators running day and night.

Hot and Cold Baths on each floor.

Electric Bells in all rooms.

Prices graduated according to location of room.

Fire Escape Rope in Each Bedroom.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Parliament House, Front Street West.

Lieut.-Governor's House, King Street West.

Custom House, Foot of Young Street.

Industrial Exhibition Build'gs & Grounds, Lake front, Parkdale

Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Queen Street West.

Osgoode Hall, Queen Street West.

Queen's Park, Queen Street West.

University Buildings, Queen's Park.

Baptist College, Bloor Street west. Finest building of its kind in America.

Toronto Free Public Library, Church Street.

Horticultural Gardens, Gerrard Street.

Normal School, Museum, etc., Gould Street.

St. James' Cathedral (Episcopal), King Street East.

St. Michael's Cathedral (R. C.), Shuter Street.

Metropolitan Church (Wesleyan), Queen Street East.

Baptist Church, corner Jarvis and Gerrard Streets.

Knox College, Spadina Avenue.

Toronto General Hospital Buildings, Gerrard Street.

St. Lawrence Hall and Market, King Street East.